

FIFTY CENTS *

FEBRUARY 21, 1969

WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. MEDICINE

TIME





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No other station wagon can carry this tune.

If the Big Bands ever come back, they just might do it in a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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great big hole in the roof?

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Our invention of the collapsible tire has now led to still another development: the B.F. Goodrich run-flat tire, an idea that may ultimately get rid of spare tires altogether.

Of this, more later.

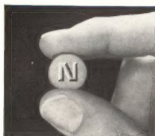
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In a controlled test, reported in a scientific journal, the Nikoban Plan, created by a doctor, helped 4 out of 5 smokers cut down on their smoking. Some actually stopped completely—and most did not gain weight. Many doctors have been recommending Nikoban for years! Start using Nikoban today. Cherry or new Mint lozenges. Nikoban sure beats smoking!



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 19

NIXON AND THE BLACKS (NET, 9-10 p.m.). Three black reporters from the New York Times examine the Nixon Administration from the Negro's point of view.

ACADEMY OF PROFESSIONAL SPORTS AWARDS (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Perry Como hosts the ceremonies that honor the outstanding professional athletes of 1968.

Thursday, February 20

HE'S YOUR DOG, CHARLIE BROWN (CBS, 7:30-8 p.m.). Charlie's clever canine will never go homeless. Repeat.

LOOKING BACK (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Andy Griffith returns for a special with Guests Janet Leigh, Don Knotts, Ernie Ford, the Young Saints and the Establishment.

NET PLAYHOUSE (NET, 8-9:30 p.m.). "No Skill or Special Knowledge Required" is the second part of the four-part John Hopkins' drama, *Talking to a Stranger*, which relates the events leading to a suicide through the eyes of the dead woman's family. The daughter gave her view first; this time it is the father's turn.

THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). James Garner, Julie Andrews and James Coburn star in *The Americanization of Emily* (1964).

Friday, February 21

FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* (1954) is a tall order—even for a big man like Howard Keel.

Saturday, February 22

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). The Olympians Track and Field Meet from Madison Square Garden, plus the announcement of the series "Athlete of the Year" award.

Sunday, February 23

DISCOVERY '69 (ABC, 11:30-noon). "Operation Weather" uses the evolution of 1968's Hurricane Gladys, which devastated parts of Florida and the Carolinas, as a case history for studying the work of meteorologists.

CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL (CBS, 1:30-2:30 p.m.). A young boy adopts a lost dog and becomes entangled in a web of falsehoods in the Czechoslovakian film, *Doggie and Three*.

EXPERIMENT IN TELEVISION (NBC, 4:30-5:30 p.m.). An original surrealist comedy by Jim Henson and Jerry Juhl, "The Cube" deals with the complex problems of reality v. illusion. Dick Schaal plays captive host to various characters who visit him in his doorless and windowless chamber.

THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). In a special tribute to Broadway Producer Harold Prince, Ed will feature numbers from the hit shows *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:45 p.m.). *The Chase* (1966) stars Marlon Brando, Jane Fonda and E. G. Marshall.

Tuesday, February 25

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). *In The Perils of Pauline* (1967). Pamela Austin ("The Dodge Rebellion

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Wants You" girl) as Pauline is assisted—or assaulted—by Pat Boone, Terry-Thomas and Edward Everett Horton.

CBS PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 9:30-11 p.m.). Ellen Violett's original drama, "The Experiment," is about a brilliant young scientist and his girl who risk their individuality by moving from the academic to the industrial world.

THEATER

On Broadway

CANTERBURY TALES. There is something innocent, sweet and perhaps inaccessible about Geoffrey Chaucer. Unfortunately, the Chaucerian spirit is largely missing from this British musical. The chorus boys' codpieces are ample, but they scarcely camouflage the empty boisterousness of both dance and bawdry.

DEAR WORLD is a musical based on Jean Giraudoux's *The Madwoman of Chaillet*. Giraudoux's play had a fencing master's play of the intellect and a sense of historical irony. All are missing from this Broadway adaptation. Angela Lansbury as the madwoman manages to save her reputation, if not the play.

CELEBRATION is a musical that dwells in childhood's land of enchantment, with an Orphan and an Angel prevailing over the evil Mr. Rich. The story line could have been as sticky as a candied apple, but Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, co-creators of *The Fantasticks*, have written a fairy tale that winks at itself.

COCK-A-DOODLE DANDY was Sean O'Casey's favorite play, and the APA Repertory Company makes it a rollicking piece of theater. The Cock, magnificently plumbed and watted, is played with impudent elegance by Barry Bostwick. The most uninhibited performance, though, comes from a thatched cottage that writhes, rattles and sheds its vines in one of the most dramatic cases of demonic possession since the Gadarene swine.

HADRIAN VII. Frederick William Rolfe poured out a minor masterpiece of wish fulfillment in his novel *Hadrian the Seventh*, an account of how a rejected candidate for the priesthood is elected Pope. In Playwright Peter Luke's dramatization, Rolfe becomes the hero of his own story. As the misfit made Pope, Alec McCowen turns in a splendid performance marked by his superb command of technique.

FORTY CARATS. Julie Harris plays a middle-aged lady who is courted by a young man just about half her age, while her teenage daughter runs off with a wealthy widower of 45 in this frothy French farce.

JIMMY SHINE. Dustin Hoffman's bravura performance as a born loser stumbling through episodes from his past, present and fantasies, is the best thing about this work by Playwright Murray Schisgal.

Off Broadway

CEREMONIES IN DARK OLD MEN is a first play by Lonne Elder III about the disintegration of a black family in Harlem. The production confirms an unfortunate habit of Manhattan's Negro Ensemble Company—that of doing somewhat spindly works with skill, verve and beautifully meshed precision.

TANGO. David Margulies plays a young man who tries to rebel against his totally permissive home in this incisive comedy

on the vagaries of life in the contemporary value vacuum by Polish Playwright Sławomir Mrożek.

LITTLE MURDERS. Cartoonist Jules Feiffer intended to write the blackest of comedies in his first full-length play, the story of a family living in a psychotic New York milieu of impending violence and violated privacy. The laughs are lighthearted and the scene surreal, but Director Alan Arkin and a resourceful cast do maintain an incredibly fast pace and achieve razor-sharp social observation.

TO BE YOUNG, GIFTED AND BLACK. In a moving tribute to Negro Playwright Lorraine Hansberry, an able interracial cast presents sketches from her writings that thread an elegiac mood through the range of comedy, rage and introspection.

DAMES AT SEA, with a thoroughly engaging cast and ingenious staging, is a delightful parody of the Busby Berkeley-type movie musicals of the '30s. Bernadette Peters is aided by an engaging cast.

TEA PARTY AND THE BASEMENT are two one-acters by England's accomplished Harold Pinter. In *Tea Party* Sisson, a manufacturer of bidets, is thrown into a cataleptic state at an office tea party by the ambiguous relationships of his family and his secretary. *The Basement* is about a man and his girl friend who move in to share an old chum's flat.

CINEMA

RED BEARD, the most recent film by the great Japanese director Akira Kurosawa, is a morality play about the spiritual growth of a young doctor. Kurosawa is technically without peer, and such actors as Toshiro Mifune help him to achieve almost overwhelming emotional force.

GRAZIE ZIA. In this first feature, Italian Film Maker Salvatore Samperi, 25, tackles nothing less than the disintegration of contemporary morality. Despite the film's vagueness and repetitiveness, a biting and original satirical eye gleams through the callow symbolism.

THE SHAME. Ingmar Bergman broods once again on the social and spiritual obligations of the artist. Bergman in his 29th film remains one of the cinema's foremost stylists, and his actors—Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand and Liv Ullmann—range effortlessly between fervor and restraint.

THE FIXER. "I am a man who, although not much, is still much more than nothing," proclaims the accidental hero of this drama of social commitment and political responsibility. Under the deft direction of John Frankenheimer, Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde and Ian Holm often approach perfection in their difficult roles.

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S. Good humor and excellent performances abound in this affectionate tribute to the raunchy days of oldtime burlesque. As a seedy song-and-dance man, Jason Robards wears a frayed straw boater as naturally as John Wayne wears a Stetson.

OLIVER! Dickens' novel might at first seem as likely a subject for a musical as *Death of a Salesman*, but Lionel Bart's score, Carol Reed's direction and John Box's breathtaking sets all combine to make what is easily the entertainment of the year.

FACES. A handful of middle-aged people complain about what a mess they have made of their various marriages in this meticulously detailed film written and directed by John Cassavetes. Some of the

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9 out of 10

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by people who are
careless with matches,
with smokes, with campfires.
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Remember . . . only you
can prevent forest fires.



direction and much of the acting are excellent, but Cassavetes never quite manages to stir empathy on the part of the audience, perhaps because his depressing interpretation offers so little relief.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE 900 DAYS: THE SIEGE OF LENINGRAD, by Harrison E. Salisbury. An extravagantly detailed account of the most murderous siege in modern history. Hitler and Stalin are its villains; its heroes are the people of the city of St. Petersburg, who clung to life and hope despite hideous suffering.

AFTERWORDS: NOVELISTS ON THEIR NOVELS, edited by Thomas McCormack. The writer's job is lonelier than the lighthouse keeper's, but given a chance to talk about their methods and their aims, 14 successful novelists respond here with vigor, humor and perception.

IT HAPPENED IN BOSTON? by Russell H. Greenan. In a bizarre first novel, a deranged narrator, park-bench dreamer, and master painter tells how he became a forger and murderer anxious to kill God.

THE STRANGLERS, by George Bruce. The original "thugs" were Indian marauders who strangled travelers and robbed them. It was not until the 1830s, when their victims were numbered in the tens of thousands, that a crusading British officer finally wiped them out. A horrifying, little-known facet of Empire.

ZAPATA AND THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION, by John Womack Jr. A young (31) Harvard historian tells the great revolutionary's story with skill and compassion.

OBSELETE COMMUNISM: THE LEFT-WING ALTERNATIVE, by Daniel and Gabriel Cohn-Bendit. Radical leader Cohn-Bendit and his brother analyze last year's student-worker uprising in France, blaming its failure on lack of support from the Communist Party and trade unions.

HIS TOY, HIS DREAM, HIS REST, by John Berryman. Using a fictional middle-aged American named Henry as his mouthpiece, Berryman comments on a whole range of human experience, particularly life during the past eleven years, and completes the poem cycle begun in 77 *Dream Songs*.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Solzburg Connection*, MacInnes (1 last week)
2. *A Small Town in Germany*, le Carré (2)
3. *Airport*, Hailey (3)
4. *Preserve and Protect*, Drury (5)
5. *Force 10 from Navarone*, MacLean (4)
6. *The First Circle*, Solzhenitsyn (6)
7. *A World of Profit*, Auchincloss (7)
8. *The Hurricane Years*, Hawley (9)
9. *By the Pricking of My Thumbs*, Christie
10. *Testimony of Two Men*, Caldwell

NONFICTION

1. *The Money Game*, 'Adam Smith' (1)
2. *Thirteen Days*, Kennedy (4)
3. *Instant Replay*, Kramer (2)
4. *The Valachi Papers*, Maas (5)
5. *The Arms of Krupp*, Manchester (6)
6. *The Day Kennedy Was Shot*, Bishop (8)
7. *The Rich and the Super-Rich*, Lundberg (9)
8. *Miss Craig's 21-Day Shape-Up Program for Men and Women*, Craig (10)
9. *The Joys of Yiddish*, Rosien (3)
10. *The 900 Days*, Salisbury

LETTERS

Bread and Butterflies

Sir: Your cover story on Mia Farrow and Dustin Hoffman [Feb. 7] was one of the most amusing articles I have read in a long time. I was laughing so hard I nearly choked to death on my English muffins and butterflies.

VIRGINIA HEWEY

Taunton, Mass.

Sir: In a period wallowing in the grotesque and in voyeuristic escapism, it follows that Mia Farrow would succeed as a flower-nibbling, pseudo-mystical boy-girl and that Hoffman would see a psychoanalyst five days a week, no doubt to discuss his anxieties about the impending 1040. The sight of Farrow and Dustin salting down the scratch, the former looking like a sand-kicked 97-lb. weaking in *Rosemary's Baby* and the latter as a watered-down Holden Caulfield in *The Graduate*, is enough to confirm to this aging mind that when eccentricity and grotesquerie become the prime movers of modern society and grace the cover of society's most powerful conscience, the Flat Earth Society might have something.

JAMES B. ALLEN

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Sir: Mr. Sinatra's loss is our gain. I am so glad I am living during this Mia Farrow era. She not only has talent beyond words, but also beauty, intellect, enchantment and charm. Happiness is Mia.

NANCY POWERS

Detroit

After the Fact

Sir: Your article "Harpin' Boon in Boonville" [Feb. 7] is an excellent object lesson in the origins of language. Semantics and some religious scholars like to pretend that language was handed down to us by God, or that the Greeks, Romans or Hebrews had some magical formula for the creation of living language.

But the world's various languages began when enough people in some area were able to agree that certain sounds meant roughly the same thing most of the time. It was never more magical than that. All of the complications of syntax and tense and the diagramming of sentences and the like, which have confused so many of us for so long, spring from the origins of the language but from the efforts of scholars to figure out after the fact how it works.

The only languages that have been planned and created ahead of time are Esperanto and various imitations of it, and they are really no better at communicating thoughts than Boonville's happy Boon.

EDWARD STEPHENS

Evansville, Ind.

Improving Perfection?

Sir: TIME says "we need well-planned recreational development," as if this applied to Disney Corporation's plans for Mineral King [Feb. 7]. You would ignore the thousands who pilgrimage annually up the winding forest road to find deep enjoyment and escape from urban pressures in simple camping, hiking and horseback riding away from the asphalt wastelands of Southern California. You would "improve" this Shangri-la by callously jamming 8½ miles of superhighway through a wild section of Sequoia National Park, set aside for posterity in 1890. Then you would transform

the tiny mountain valley into a parking lot and Disneyland extravaganza for crowd-loving socialites. This is a great cure for Mineral King's special quiet charm, which had until now miraculously escaped being ruined by "developers." So let us get on with your "well-planned development" and stamp out the last remnants of natural outdoors so they won't plague future generations like they have us.

STEVE ARNO

Missoula, Mont.

Pat, Meet Lucy

Sir: "Lemonade Lucy" was the sobriquet applied to Mrs. Rutherford B. Hayes, member of the W.C.T.U., for refusing to serve liquor at White House affairs. Will Mrs. Nixon be dubbed "Punch-Bowl Pat" for serving church-social punch [Feb. 7]?

GEORGE JOHNSON

Wausau, Wis.

Question of Interpretation

Sir: While I appreciated the article "Praying Together, Staying Together" [Feb. 7], I was amazed at TIME's misinterpretation of my inaugural prayer.

TIME says: "He reappeared at Nixon's inauguration to deliver a prayer that sounded more like a sermon—and was not overly kind to his earlier host at the White House." This implies that I was critical of former President Johnson in my prayer. Nothing could be further from the truth. I simply summed up what I have been preaching for 25 years.

I have discussed with former President Johnson many times the overwhelming problems facing America. I would never stoop to using such a platform for partisan criticism—especially of a man whom I admire, respect and love as I do former President Johnson. He most certainly did not interpret my prayer in the way TIME did because when I turned around on the platform and shook his hand, he said: "That was a wonderful prayer. God bless you." When he and his family left the platform, both Lynda and Luci came over and hugged and kissed me.

BILLY GRAHAM

Montreal, N.C.

Ad Infinitum

Sir: Re "Investigations: Catch-68" [Feb. 7]: while lofty castigating the Navy's alleged lack of vision, you barely mention, and then hastily dismiss the real root cause of these latter-day military tragedies—the "flash query syndrome."

As late as World War II, U.S. military officers were authorized to think for themselves (we won that one, remember?). No longer so. Before today's field officer can unsnap his shoddily made but cost-effective holster, he must, by "top level" direction, TWX for approval from a higher echelon commander who, in turn, must query the next higher commander, and so on, *ad infinitum*, until somewhere in the bowels of some strategic bastion on the Potomac, the matter is quantitatively weighed for its impact on world opinion, the cost reduction program and next year's political campaign. By this time, of course, the request is moot.

LIEUT. COLONEL WILLIAM J. BUCHANAN
U.S.A.F.

A.P.O., Seattle

Oil on Troubled Waters

Sir: Re "Environment: Tragedy in Oil" [Feb. 14]: Never at any time, anywhere, or before the Muskie committee—as the official transcript shows—did I say "I'm amazed at the publicity for the loss of a few birds."

The fact is that on my orders 16 of our top research people were sent to Santa Barbara to establish a bird cleaning and care center, and they have been very successful in their rehabilitation efforts.

In addition, we have assigned marine biologists to study the effects of the oil on sea and bird life and to determine how we might expedite a return to normal balance.

It is almost impossible to say how deeply we regret the accident. Before and since we believe we have acted most responsibly. In view of this situation and these accomplishments, it is most distressing that because I voluntarily and responsibly appeared before a U.S. Senate committee to provide information to assist in possible legislation, that I should be maligned by a grossly incorrect quotation.

FRED L. HARTLEY
President

Union Oil Company of California
Los Angeles

► The quote attributed to Mr. Hartley by TIME was widely printed in the American press. What Mr. Hartley said during the congressional hearing was: "I am always tremendously impressed at the publicity that death of birds receives v. the loss of people in our country in this day and age."

Where the Men Are

Sir: Concerning "Demoting the Military" [Feb. 7]: I have been on the academic scene for 55 years. I was 20 years on the re-

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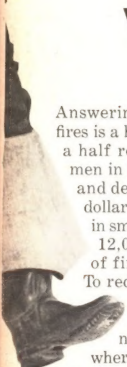
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February 10, 1969

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ceiving end; I have been 35 years on the transmission end. I think I know the picture. I am sure that there are countless courses at Yale and at every other university in the land less deserving of academic credit than is ROTC. With the academic scene what it is and with the prospects so terribly grim, what we need more of is the rigor, the discipline, the demand for performance that the ROTC provides. There is just too much permissiveness — to use a murdered word.

Are any ROTC students engaged in destroying college files, burning college buildings, assaulting teachers and professors? I have been lecturing this week at our U.S.A.F. Academy in Colorado. The academic spirit there is of the first order. There are no boys there. They are all men.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Professor of Physics

El Camino College
Via Torrance, Calif.

Friends Indeed

Sir: Your cover story and particularly the cover picture of "Black vs. Jew: A Tragic Confrontation" [Jan. 31] makes me weep.

In my 40 years in the forefront in the battle against the continual dehumanizing of the Negro, the strongest and warmest friends that rallied to our cause were the Jews. This was so true during the early days, when the "good guys in the big white hats" were standing aloof from those of us (Negroes and Jews) who were fighting this lonely and dangerous battle where the action and the issues were so clear.

I deny and defy Roy Innis' statement that "a black leader would be crazy to publicly repudiate anti-Semitism..." Such words are bigotry in the extreme.

RAYMOND PACE ALEXANDER
Judge

Court of Common Pleas No. 4
Philadelphia

Till TIME Do Us Part

Sir: Thank you for the lovely coverage of our São Paulo Museum of Art [Jan. 31]. Glad as we are to see international recognition of our efforts toward giving our adopted city a museum worthy of its cultural level, my wife and I and our friends were astonished to read that, unbeknown to us, we have been divorced. Lest I be beseeched by a bevy of suitors who will press for Lina Bo's hand, I would be grateful if TIME were to put it on record that after three decades, my wife and I are still very much married to each other.

PIETRO MARIA BARDI
Director

São Paulo Museum of Art
São Paulo, Brazil

Address Letters to the Editor to TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

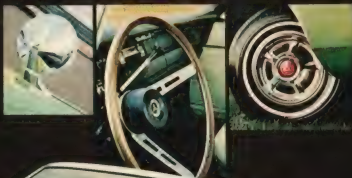
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A letter from the PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

AS they gathered material for this week's cover story, *The Plight of the U.S. Patient*, TIME correspondents across the nation found that in many cases their own experiences with medicine and medical men belonged in their files. From Portland, Ore., where he came down with symptoms suggesting Hong Kong flu, Reporter David Rorvik wired a wry account of the difficulties of locating a hotel doctor. He dialed room service by mistake, and his vociferous complaints were interpreted as a slur on the hotel's cuisine. Washington Correspondent David Lee made the mistake of lighting a cigarette while he posed a question about preventive medicine. "Don't ask me about preventive medicine when people like you, who obviously know better, smoke two packs of cigarettes a day," snapped Dr. Philip Lee, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. End of that part of the interview.

The story was edited by Champ Clark and written by Gilbert Cant, who was able to add many an observation and experience of his own out of 19 years' service as writer of TIME's Medicine section.



GILBERT CANT



ROBIN MANNOCK

Contributing Editor Robin Mannock is no stranger to the more rigorous aspects of journalism. He covered the Congo fighting in 1964 and rode into Stanleyville with a truckload of mercenaries. His seat that night was a case of dynamite. More recently, Mannock did a stretch of war reporting in Viet Nam. But neither there nor in Africa, he says, was he ever in quite as much danger as he was in last week, while visiting Alaska. With the aid of TIME's Anchorage Stringer, Joe Rychetnik, Mannock wangled his way into some winter war games. "It was so cold out there in the snow," says Mannock, "all you could think about was staying alive."

Mannock spent part of the evening reminiscing with an old acquaintance from Viet Nam, Brigadier General John C. Bennett. Merely talking about the steamy mud and mold of the jungle war, while the temperature outside plunged to a near-record -53° F., helped the two men keep warm. It was outside, says Mannock, that trouble took over. "My biggest problem was that my beard kept freezing." For the rest of the story, see THE NATION, "The Coldest War."

The Cover: Pen and ink with watercolor by Ronald Searle.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWS MAGAZINE

February 21, 1969 Vol. 93, No. 8

THE NATION

JOURNEY TO A DIFFERENT EUROPE

Before we talk to our opponents, let's talk to our friends. Let's begin that right away. A strong, independent Europe within the Atlantic alliance could make for a healthier Atlantic community, at the same time providing a strong negotiating hand with the Soviet Union.

SO said Richard Nixon during the 1968 campaign, and next week he begins to carry out that pledge with an eight-day working trip to Western Europe. He has had no official contact with Western Europe since 1960, and no U.S. President has toured its capitals since 1963, when John Kennedy visited. The Continent Nixon will find is a very different place. In 1963, the Berlin Wall was still new; Charles de Gaulle had not yet challenged NATO; Konrad Adenauer still held sway in West Germany; the Viet Nam war had yet to poison the ambience of European friendship for America. Europe was still united by fear of the Russians.

Now most of these factors have changed. Western Europe is more restive, more independent—although the fear of Russia, which had markedly declined in recent years, was somewhat revived by Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia. Last week the East Germans, backed by the Soviets, once more began harassing West Berlin. The provocation, they said, was Bonn's decision to have a new West German President selected in West Berlin on March 5 (see THE WORLD). By coincidence, Nixon's visit comes only a week before, though it was announced well after Berlin had begun to heat up.

Nixon will be well briefed, He dined at the White House with NATO Secretary-General Mantis Brosio, and at week's end he started a laborious study of "the book"—a black-bound 300-page volume prepared for him by the State Department and the National Security Council staff. It details his tentative schedule, suggests drafts for everything from airport statements to formal toasts, and sets forth factual background and policy recommendations for each of his meetings with European leaders.

Intricate Logistics. Last week an advance party of about 70, led by White House Counsel John Ehrlichman and Protocol Chief Emil ("Bus") Mosbacher, started to cover the six-city itinerary and work out the logistics. This week

Nixon plans a series of briefings with the two key aides who will accompany him—Secretary of State William Rogers and National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger—and senior specialists in European affairs at State. He has also scheduled a long session on international monetary matters with Treasury Secretary David Kennedy.

Monetary problems, notably the chronic U.S. balance of payments deficit and the international role of the dollar, will be one of the shared diffi-

Nixon wisely chose to begin his tour in Brussels, headquarters of NATO and the Common Market, hence the symbolic capital of European unity. To start in London would have given the impression that the President favors the British; to start in Paris, that he is trying too hard to woo De Gaulle.

Air Force One and three other Boeing 707 jets will first touch down, next Sunday, at Melsbroek, a military airfield near the Belgian capital. White House press facilities are already being



KISSINGER, ROGERS & NIXON CONFERRING AT KEY BISCAINE
Off to share the difficulties and appraise the opportunities.

culties Nixon must discuss in each of the capitals he visits—London, Bonn, Rome, Paris. There are many others: the state of NATO, Soviet adventurism in Eastern Europe, the volatile Middle East, Britain's continued isolation from the Common Market, the proposed treaty banning the spread of nuclear weapons that some nonnuclear powers—notably West Germany—have feared might cut them off from peaceful applications of atomic technology. Also, Nixon wants to sound out the Atlantic allies carefully before broaching a summit conference to the Russians; by contrast, Lyndon Johnson dealt directly with Moscow and kept the Europeans posted only after he had decided.

installed in the Brussels Hilton, and Nixon will stay either in that motel-modern setting or in the opulent apartments of former King Leopold II in the 18th century palace. At NATO's new headquarters on the outskirts of Brussels, the President is expected to address the 15 ambassadors of the NATO permanent council.* He will also meet Jean Rey, head of the Common Market executive commission.

In London, Nixon will spend virtually an entire day with Prime Minister Harold Wilson, probably with time out

* Brussels will shortly get a new U.S. ambassador: John Eisenhower, son of the ex-President and father of Nixon's son-in-law.



"NOW WE COME TO PARIS"

for tea with Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace. One particular area of concern to Wilson is U.S. cooperation in advancing Britain's nuclear technology. The British would like to fit multiple-target nuclear warheads to their Polaris missiles, as the U.S. has already done with some of its intercontinental missiles. Since the U.S. is increasingly sensitive to French charges of favoring Britain with nuclear know-how that it denies to others, the British regard the warhead question as a key indicator of how freely Nixon will continue military cooperation.

Nixon will stay at baronial Claridge's, not far from the U.S. embassy. The hotel's vaunted service will doubtless suffer. Scotland Yard already has plans afoot to infiltrate the staff with plain-clothesmen disguised as waiters, news vendors, elevator operators and striped-pants front-desk functionaries.

Among Four Eyes. Next stop is Bonn. The Germans will be delighted to see Nixon because of all the Western Europeans, they feel most dependent on U.S. military might. Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger will meet the President at Wahn airport and take him by helicopter to his modernistic bungalow in the Palais Schaumburg park to begin their private talks *unter vier Augen* (among four eyes). From Bonn, Nixon will make the ritual visit to West Berlin, where John Kennedy made his historic "*Ich bin ein Berliner*" speech from the city hall steps in the spring of 1963. It will be a difficult act to follow. U.S. and German planners have scheduled Nixon's principal speech before solidly pro-American workers at the Siemens electrical factory. There was talk of dropping the new routine VIP tour of the Wall, but with the Soviets and East Germans tightening their squeeze on the city, the propaganda value of a stop at the East-West border overcame all objections.

There will be a special security problem in Berlin. The city's Free Univer-

sity is the center of youthful opposition to the Bonn regime and to continued U.S. influence in Germany. Last week left-wing students there denounced Nixon as "the shifty agent of the most reactionary kind of American bourgeois society" and resolved to demonstrate against him. Most of West Berlin's 20,000-man police force—including 5,000 reservists—will be turned out during Nixon's three-hour stay.

Lenten Retreat. Even in Italy, a steadfast supporter of the U.S. and a firm advocate of British membership in the Common Market, there is a new desire for independence. The new Foreign Minister, Socialist Pietro Nenni, announced as soon as he took office that Italy would open diplomatic relations with Communist China; in his view, NATO must be strictly limited to Europe and used as a force for *détente* rather than heightened tension. Still, Italy has recently strengthened its fleet in the Mediterranean, a gesture of serious commitment to the alliance. Pope Paul will be making his Lenten retreat when Nixon first arrives, but the President will return to Rome just before leaving for Washington in order to see him. One question on the Vatican's mind: Might the U.S. be interested in re-establishing diplomatic relations with the Holy See?

Between stops in Rome, Nixon will confront the toughest adversary of the trip—Charles de Gaulle, who has not seen a U.S. President on French soil since well before he pulled French forces out of the alliance and forced NATO out of France in 1966. The meeting should be cordial, if inconclusive. Some of the causes of U.S.-French friction have eased. Viet Nam peace talks are under way, with Paris as the host city, and it has been hard for the general to resist saying "I told you so." De Gaulle has modified his anti-U.S. role in Europe in the wake of Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia, though he is hardly expected to show renewed enthusiasm for the Atlantic military alliance. The general's once Olympian position has been challenged by last May's student riots and workers' strikes, as well as the ensuing monetary crisis that forced him to the brink of devaluing the franc. But De Gaulle's hostility toward use of the dollar as a reserve currency and his support for an increase in the price of gold remain unchanged.

President Nixon has made it plain that the aim of his trip is to demonstrate the renewed U.S. emphasis on Europe and give him firsthand acquaintance with Western Europe's statesmen, rather than to do any hard or detailed bargaining. He believes that the U.S. can no longer act from its own unilateral design for the world, and he looks on this voyage of consultation as only the first of a series while he is in office. For their part, the Europeans have been equally cautious. They were caught less than fully prepared for Nixon's arrival so soon after succeeding to the presidency—but they are very much interested in appraising him face to face.

THE ADMINISTRATION A Progressive Look

And Practical Answers

Last year's Republican campaign and the subsequent selection of Cabinet members indicated that the Nixon Administration would anchor itself several degrees to the right of the Great Society. This prophecy may eventually be fulfilled. For the time being, however, the new team, especially in the domestic field, often sounds and acts not unlike the Democratic crew it so recently replaced.

The liberal tone is coming from both predictable and unexpected sources. Richard Kleindienst, Barry Goldwater's campaign field director in 1964 and now No. 2 man in a more stringent Justice Department, said in a Lincoln Day speech: "Law-abiding society will only come about through a continuous process of social progress. New ground must be broken to meet human needs—needs in such fields as education, housing, economic development and consumer protection." George Romney, never a fan of big government, has embraced Lyndon Johnson's housing program in his new post of Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. He complains only that the Johnson budget request of \$3 billion for fiscal 1970 might be inadequate.

Strom's Carolina. It had generally been anticipated that Robert Finch, as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, would be a progressive influence. Last week, as the Justice Department brought desegregation suits against four Southern school districts, including Houston's, Finch ordered the cessation of federal financial aid to three other districts that had failed to develop satisfactory integration programs. One of them was in Senator Strom Thurmond's South Carolina.

In five earlier cases, Finch gave non-compliant local school authorities a 60-

WALTER DUNN



ROBERT FINCH

Acting not unlike the other crew.

day grace period in which to meet federal standards. This time the cutoff takes effect March 16, with no arrangement for retroactive subsidy in the event of compliance later. Further proceedings by Justice and HEW in both the North and the South are expected. Said Finch: "You've got *de facto* segregation in every part of this country, and we're going to go after it."

Farm Workers Too. Also in Finch's domain, plans are being refined to reform the welfare system. No specific proposal has as yet reached White House level for decision, but the two alternative schemes getting most serious consideration both involve establishing a national floor under welfare standards. The minimums being discussed—\$30 to \$40 per person per month—are higher than the amounts now being paid by many states. The Federal Government, which already contributes heavily to the welfare program, would help offset the higher benefits. For years liberals have been arguing for this type of reform, since it might help slow the migration of the poor from rural areas to the big cities.

The parlous condition of the nation's 3,200,000 farm workers has received little attention in the past compared with urban poverty, but both problems will be covered in a new program scheduled for publication this week. In it, the Administration will outline its specific proposals for the use of tax incentives to promote job-producing industrial activity in poverty areas. The White House has also directed the Labor and Agriculture departments to study the feasibility of extending the Taft-Hartley Act to cover farm workers. This move, long advocated by the A.F.L.-C.I.O., would give them the right to organize unions and bargain collectively under federal protection.

Surprised Senator. At the other end of the social-economic scale, the Securities and Exchange Commission has continued the vigorous enforcement policies that Richard Nixon criticized in the campaign as "heavy-handed." Any Administration's influence over the SEC is limited because the commission members serve for specific terms. However, the President can change the chairman at any time, and it is Chairman Manuel Cohen who has promoted strong regulation of the securities industry. Nixon so far has not replaced him, but is expected to name Hamer Budge, the commission's ranking Republican, to the chairmanship. Budge has voted with the commission chief on the more controversial issues that have come before the commission.

While Richard Nixon and his men are, of course, instituting new policies in a number of areas, the degree of continuity has been high enough to deny the Democrats much cause for complaint so far. Democratic Senator George McGovern of South Dakota confesses: "I'm pleasantly surprised at what seems to be a combination of prudence and

progressive spirit." Congressman Morris Udall of Arizona points out that "after 1964, a lot of people complained that they had elected Johnson and gotten Goldwater's foreign policy. Now we've elected Nixon and, to a large extent, we're getting Johnson's domestic policies."

Actually, the momentum of government is such that most new administrations are going to carry on at least some of the policies inherited from the old. Moreover, once in office, a President seldom feels that he is totally committed to his party's platform and his own campaign rhetoric. To their credit, the Nixon men have been less concerned with liberal *vs.* conservative ideological wrangling than with specific needs and practical answers.



JAMES FARMER
Revolution rejected.

Working from Within

During his presidential campaign, Richard Nixon virtually ignored America's Negro population, and got only 10% of its vote. Since taking office, he has repeatedly voiced his desire to establish a better rapport with Negroes, but has been unable to persuade any leading black figure to join his government. Last week the President announced the appointment of a noted civil rights leader, James Farmer, to a top Administration post—one that will be used deliberately to assuage and assist the black community.

In the job of Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Farmer will be a key adviser to HEW Secretary Robert Finch on urban affairs. One of his priority tasks will be to establish liaison between the Administration and the strident young blacks who distrust government generally, but particularly a Republican government.

Farmer opposed Nixon when he ran

for Congress during the last election in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant district. A registered Liberal, he ran on the Republican ticket but supported Hubert Humphrey. The Negro district elected Democrat Shirley Chisholm, making her the first Negro Congresswoman. In recent weeks, Farmer has been increasingly impressed by Nixon ("He means to bring the nation together").

Pulpit Natural. Born in Marshall, Texas, in 1920, Farmer was a member of the black intellectual elite from the start. His father, a college professor, was the state's first Negro Ph.D.; he read Aramaic and Greek. At 18, Farmer received a B.S. in chemistry from Wiley College. Seemingly a natural for the pulpit (he had won a \$1,000 prize for oratory), Farmer got a divinity degree from Howard University but was never ordained. He was repelled by the then segregationist policies of the Methodist Church, which inevitably led him into the infant civil rights movement. For the next 28 years, he dedicated himself to the black revolution.

In 1942, when Martin Luther King Jr. was only 13 years old, Farmer took part in a sit-in at a Chicago restaurant. A year earlier, he had founded the Congress of Racial Equality (CORE), which immediately began an assault on racial barriers in the South. In 1955, he took part in King's famed boycott against the Montgomery bus company, which forced the company to desegregate.

But such victories were no longer enough. After Farmer left CORE in 1966, he was dismayed to see his organization, which had been militantly for integration, suddenly turn toward separatism. Committed to the notion of Black Power, it limited the role of white members—even though white CORE Volunteers Michael Schwerner and Andrew Goodman had given their lives in Mississippi only a year earlier. To the new radical leaders, Farmer's type of militancy was not aggressive enough for the times. Another disappointment came in 1966, when Farmer was asked by the Johnson Administration to head a literacy program funded by a \$900,000 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity. The project was killed, reportedly because big-city politicians suspected that it would in effect become a black voter-registration drive and would cut into their white middle-class bastions.

Low Key. Farmer accepted the Nixon appointment, which pays \$36,000 a year (less than he makes lecturing), after receiving encouragement from black students and leaders ranging from the moderate Whitney Young to the Black Power Theoretician Dr. Nathan Wright. As for becoming the first Negro to take a key job in the Republican Administration, Farmer explains: "A man has to decide one of two things. Either he is going to be a revolutionary and try to destroy the system, or he is going to make it work. I reject the notion that the way to progress is to make things as bad as possible."

Wilbur Mills on Taxes and Spending

Since the U.S. Constitution prescribes that "all Bills for raising Revenue shall originate in the House of Representatives," the key man in writing tax laws is the chairman of the House Committee on Ways and Means, which handles all revenue-raising legislation. He has a pervasive influence on Government spending as well, since he can insist on budget adjustments as the price of any new tax measure. For eleven years that chairman has been Arkansas' Wilbur Daugh Mills, now 59. His economic sophistication and political acumen have made his word law with his committee members and the whole House. President Nixon has called for re-examination of all U.S. tax policy, and Mills will be the congressional arbiter of any changes. Mills, who rarely gives on-the-record interviews, agreed to sit down for an examination of his current views on issues with TIME Congressional Correspondent Neil MacNeil. Mills' tour of the fiscal horizon.

TAX REFORM. To Mills, the ideal tax law is simple and brief—but the difficulty of writing equitable tax measures under political pressure makes achieving that ideal impossible. "We want to make as many reforms as we think we can pass through the Congress. People are becoming more concerned. As more people enjoy higher incomes and thus pay more taxes, they become more concerned about how they are treated in relation to other people under the law." He calls the present code "patchwork," but he foresees no basic rewrite this year. "We are only looking at some 17 or 18 specific areas which give different treatment of income from that which is normally applied." Among them: the oil-depletion allowance, tax-free interest on municipal bonds, and capital-gains rates that are lower than ordinary income tax. However, he does not intend to reconsider the provision that allows income splitting between husband and wife.

Mills continued: "When I talk about tax reform, I am trying to establish greater equity in the law, greater simplification of the law, greater neutrality in its effect upon business decisions. I am trying to make it easier to administer, and, from the taxpayer's point of view, easier to comply with." He added: "Anybody who enjoys some preferential treatment should be required to come to the Congress periodically and make his case before the public."

THE TAX SURCHARGE. The chairman sees no escape from continuing the levy. If Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon had not agreed in January to extend the 10% income tax surcharge beyond June 30, said Mills, "President Nixon would have had, within 30 days of taking office, a very intolerable situation. We possibly could have been

back even further than we were in the fall of 1967, when people began to doubt our dollar, when people began to wonder whether or not we were being good stewards of our trust. Had its extension not been recommended, in my opinion, you would have had a new burst of inflation."

SHORT-TERM TAX CHANGES. He is against the idea that the President should have discretionary power to adjust tax rates in order to deflate or reflate the economy over short periods. "In the first place, people are entitled to be heard when taxes are to be increased. I don't know any place in the White House where the President could have a hearing room big enough to hear those who would want to discuss increases in taxes. But the main thing in my mind is that I just don't feel that taxes can be raised and lowered, season by season, or that they should be, to accomplish those short-run objectives. I have spoken many times on this idea of using the tax law to bring about short-run changes in the economy, lowering and raising the headline of taxation, as dreses are lowered and raised."

SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS. Although Richard Nixon proposed in the 1968 campaign that benefits should automatically increase with rises in the cost of living, Mills is skeptical: "We no sooner passed the Social Security Act of 1967, increasing benefits, than inflation is allowed to get to such an extent as to practically wipe out the increases. There are those who have said that the social security benefits should be related to and geared to cost of living increases. I have never favored that."

Mills' objection is that social security fund receipts would not necessarily keep up with payments. But, he said, "I think Congress should take a look to see what the situation is since we have had this inflation. Bear in mind that about 70% of the people who receive social security checks have no other income than the social security payment."

VIET NAM AND SPENDING. Mills believes that the U.S. cannot undertake major new programs at home until the war is over. "I think the greatest problem that faces us right now is to get this war over in Viet Nam as quickly as we can, and get out from under the burdens that are placed on us in the sacrifice of men as well as the expenditure of dollars over there. I will feel a lot more confident about the whole situation and about the attitude of the American people and their confidence in the future when that is over. But until it is over, I think we are going to have to restrain our appetites for the enlargement of programs and the establishment of new programs."



WILLIE MAE ROGERS

And reconsider the President did.

No Seal of Approval

As head of a special congressional committee investigating private and public agencies that purport to protect the consumer, New York Congressman Benjamin Rosenthal took special interest in the *Good Housekeeping* seal.

Although conferral of the seal is supposed to be based on objective testing of a product, Rosenthal's investigation found the award to be as much an advertising gimmick as a guarantee to consumers. The legislator contends that the main criterion for granting the seal is whether a manufacturer agrees to place his advertising in *Good Housekeeping* magazine. In fact, the Food and Drug Administration has seized as "contraband" for quality and safety reasons at least two products advertised in the magazine, and is reportedly investigating several others.

Small wonder then that Rosenthal and others found it "incredible" that Richard Nixon last week named as his temporary consumer consultant Willie Mae Rogers, head of the *Good Housekeeping* Institute, which is responsible for granting the seal. Further, Miss Rogers was to remain on the magazine's payroll while serving the Government. This, said Rosenthal, raised "obvious conflict-of-interest questions."

Noting that "Mrs. Clean," as he called her, and the magazine had fought against truth-in-packaging legislation, Rosenthal declared: "Miss Rogers is not the type of consumer consultant the President deserves and not the type of consumer consultant the Congress will let him keep. The President should reconsider."

Nixon did. At week's end he asked her to take a leave from the magazine and to sign on with the Administration as a paid consultant. She refused, indicating that the criticism would make it impossible for her to function effectively, and declined the appointment.

INVESTIGATIONS

The Other Harris

While much of the testimony has been confused and contradictory, the investigation into the capture of U.S.S. *Pueblo* seems to have settled on its villain. Witness after witness has portrayed Lieut. Stephen R. Harris, officer in charge of the ship's supersecret research center spaces, as incompetent or cowardly, or both.

Harris' looks are unfortunate. Pale and skinny, he is the antithesis of the recruiting-poster image of a Navy officer. His face has a furtive cast to it, his chin is narrow, and when he takes his glasses off, he has a wide-eyed, rabbit-like look. Harvard-educated Harris, 30, gives the appearance of being a timorous man, one who might well lose control under fire. While he now shows few signs of the brutal treatment he received at the hands of the North Koreans, Harris was hospitalized and confined to a wheelchair following the crew's release last December.

While most of the testimony concerning Harris and his operation has been delivered in closed session, the fragmentary evidence that the Navy has made public indicates that the lieutenant neglected to post required plans for destroying classified data; never gave the order to destroy the ship's secret documents even when *Pueblo* came under attack; and failed to supervise or help in the destruction effort once it was initiated at an enlisted man's order.

Harris has a different story. He maintains that during most of the period when he was reported to be standing around doing practically nothing, he was in fact aft, destroying classified material for which he was personally responsible. Other crew members saw him

doing this, Harris told a *TIME* correspondent, but either they have not been called to testify as yet, or their testimony was completely classified.

No Rift. Harris also denies the widely held belief that there was ill feeling between him and *Pueblo*'s skipper, Commander Lloyd ("Pete") Bucher. The security officer claims that there never was any rift. He has nothing but praise for his commanding officer, whom he views as one of the most honest, responsible officers he has ever come across: a man he would feel "privileged to serve under in the future."

If Harris is disliked by his fellow officers and men of *Pueblo*, none of it shows during their off-duty hours. No one shuns the lieutenant at the barracks at North Island Naval Air Station, where the crew is quartered. Harris and his wife, Esther, see Bucher and his wife, Rose, socially "even more now than we did before the capture." Last week the four of them went to a concert and two nightclubs.

Unlike Bucher, Harris has never been warned that unfavorable testimony before the court of inquiry could lead to a court-martial. If what has been released on Harris' conduct were the full story, it seems impossible that he would not be accused of violating regulations. In fact, however, Harris is up for a promotion, which should come some time in July. Last week Bucher joined the rest of *Pueblo*'s officers for a "wetting down" party in his honor.

While he has every right to do so, Harris does not intend to request another chance to testify before the court. Says he: "I've had my say and I'll let it stand. The old image has been bruised a bit in the press this past week or so. But the people who really count know the truth and they're going to weigh what they heard in court."

TRIALS

Mutiny in the Presidio

The routine roll call at the Presidio stockade in San Francisco was disrupted last October. Linking arms and singing *We Shall Overcome*, 27 Army prisoners staged a sitdown protest. An hour later, they were hauled off to their cells, charged with mutiny—one of a baker's dozen of crimes ranging from murder to rape punishable by death under the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

At the outset of their mass trial, a seven-man court-martial board was told by the presiding law officer that it was a "nonviolent mutiny." Maximum penalty: life in prison. To simplify defense procedures, the Army will judge the 25 (two escaped the stockade Christmas Eve) in small groups or individually. Last week the first of the defendants to be tried, Private Nesrey D. Sood, 26, a father of three from Oakland, Calif., was found guilty. He was given 15 years at hard labor, forfeiture of all pay and allowances, and an eventual dishonorable discharge. "I am shocked," said Paul Halvonik, an American Civil



REIDEL & OSCZEPINSKI BEFORE CONVICTION
A curious approach to justice.

Liberties Union attorney who defended Sood, "Fifteen years for going out and singing and raising his fingers in a 'V' is absurd." Sood, a draftee who had gone AWOL last September because he heard that his wife was neglecting their children back home, was due for discharge at Fort Lewis, Wash., the week he was arrested.

Alleged Sadism. Halvonik argued that merely refusing to obey an order is not mutiny. Sood, he said, was simply trying to call attention to his legitimate grievances. The stockade at times had 140 prisoners crowded into a space allocated for 88, and rations were sometimes short. The inmates had demanded that military guards be subjected to psychiatric tests because of alleged acts of sadism. The protest took place three days after a guard killed a prisoner, Private Richard Bunch.

After reportedly telling a guard to "be sure to aim for my head," Bunch, who had been examined by an Army psychiatrist, deliberately walked away from a work detail. He was killed by a single shotgun blast that ripped his skull. That night, when the other prisoners vocally protested the shooting, Captain Robert S. Lamont, 25, disciplinary officer, told them that they were in danger of committing mutiny.

Shock Effect. At the trial, Lamont testified that he had read to the protesting prisoners Article 94 of the Military Code, which defines mutiny, "for the shock effect." He said that he did not read the article that prescribes the penalties for disturbing the peace because his mind was "focused on mutiny." The defense brought in an acoustical expert who said that the prisoners in the enclosed courtyard could not have heard Lamont's warning carried over a loudspeaker. The charge of mutiny itself was questioned by Army investigator Captain Richard J. Millard. In a report that was never revealed to the court, Millard wrote: "To charge mutiny, an offense which



HARRIS SOON AFTER RETURN
Those who count the truth.

has its roots in the harsh admiralty laws of the previous centuries, for demonstrating against conditions that existed in the stockade, is, in my opinion, a miscarriage of justice."

By week's end, two more privates had been sentenced. Lawrence W. Reidel, 20, was given 14 years, and Louis S. Oszepinski, 21, got 16—presumably because he had two previous AWOL convictions. Both men had been labeled "sociopaths" by their attorneys, but after three days with Army psychiatrists, they were adjudged sane. During the trial, Oszepinski attempted suicide by slicing both his wrists with a razor blade.

Extremely severe judgments in military courts are common. It is a foregone conclusion that those who have been charged will appeal. The first step of the complicated but fairly liberal review procedure is the staff judge advocate, who can approve the sentence, reduce, or dismiss it. From there it goes to Washington. All this takes time, of course, which the accused must spend in prison, since there is no provision for bail in military law. However, despite the rigmarole of court-martial, there is little likelihood that any of the convicted "mutineers" will spend anything like 15 years in jail.

The Man Who Loved Kennedy

The opening defense gambit in Sirhan Bishara Sirhan's murder trial was a variant of the tactics often used by those accused of "crimes of passion." But instead of claiming that "everything went black" at the moment of the crime, Sirhan's attorneys contended last week that the defendant was "in a trance" when he fired the shots that killed Senator Robert Kennedy in Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel.

In his opening statement for the defense, Attorney Emile Zola Berman de-

scribed Sirhan, 24, as an "immature, emotionally disturbed and mentally ill youth." Sirhan's behavior in court sometimes seemed to bear him out. He smirked, grinned and chatted with his attorneys. He gave the impression of enjoying a good story at times; other times he seemed not to be listening at all. When Berman related the Jordanian's long list of failures in school, in work and in life, Sirhan stiffened and angrily whispered protests to his other lawyers. Later, one attorney explained that Sirhan had not read Berman's statement before it was delivered, and "when you're saying unkind things about him, he doesn't like it." Berman later claimed that Sirhan actually "admired and loved" Kennedy until the day the Senator said that he favored sending 50 Phantom jets to Israel. As always, Sirhan's mother, Mary, was in court.

Berman, who is a New Yorker and a Jew, spoke with compassion of the woes of the Palestinian Arabs (he pronounced the word "Ay-rab" and referred to Sirhan as "Saran"). He dramatically underlined the word "intoxicated" ("while in a disturbed mental state, intoxicated and confused . . ."), an indication that the defense intends to bolster the contention that Sirhan was "out of contact with reality." This condition was induced, Berman said, when Sirhan "concentrated in front of a mirror in his own room and thought and thought about Senator Kennedy until at last he saw his own face no longer, but that of Senator Kennedy."

Six-Dollar Chip. The opening statement for the prosecution by Deputy District Attorney David Fitts was factual and low-keyed. It included the detail that Sirhan had chipped in only \$6 in the purchase by his brother Munir of the \$25 murder weapon. Fitts also noted that the day before the shooting, Sirhan went to the San Gabriel Valley Gun Range for target practice. While on the range, one Mike Sococoman asked Sirhan what he intended to do with the small Iver Johnson .22-cal. pistol. Sirhan said he could use it for hunting, adding: "It could kill a dog." Ballistics evidence revealed that the fatal shot was fired into Kennedy's head from a distance of approximately one inch. Later, one of the prosecutors, Lynn Compton, said that Sirhan had "stalked" Kennedy for days.

With the opening statements out of the way, the prosecution began calling witnesses to prove that Sirhan had killed the Senator. Two Ambassador Hotel employees identified the defendant as the assassin—a fact that is not disputed by the defense. A third, Busboy Juan Romero, when asked if anyone in court resembled the murderer, looked around and said, "No." When Sirhan was pointed out to him, Romero insisted, "No, sir, I don't believe that's him." Surprised, Sirhan leaned toward an aide, Michael McCowan, and asked, "What did he say?" McCowan replied, "He said it wasn't you." Laughing, Sirhan answered, "No kidding!"



RUSSO & COURTHOUSE SPECTATOR
Case of the shakes.

Dallas Revisited

In New Orleans last week, judge, jury and court relived the murder of John F. Kennedy. District Attorney Jim Garrison and his staff flashed onto a portable screen the color film of the assassination in Dallas that had been taken by Businessman Abraham Zapruder.

The prosecution hoped the film would convincingly demonstrate that at least one of the bullets that struck the President came from the front. Assistant District Attorney James Alcock argued: "If the state can prove that the President was shot from more than one direction, the state in effect has proved a conspiracy." One sequence—which was shown in slow motion and frame by frame—clearly shows the President falling backward in his seat, an unlikely occurrence if he were being struck by bullets from the rear. However, the Warren Commission Report has already met this objection by noting that Kennedy fell backward because his chauffeur had speeded up the car when the shooting began.

As the jurors leaned forward intently, Businessman Clay Shaw, accused of having conspired to commit the murder, stood next to the jury box, chain smoking, his face impassive.

Truth Serum. The state's key witness, Book Salesman Perry Russo, was severely handled by Defense Counsel Irvin Dymond. On cross-examination, Dymond led Russo carefully through the events of the party at which he said that he had heard Shaw, Lee Oswald and David Ferrie, a former airlines pilot, discuss ways of killing the President. After two days of contradiction-riddled testimony, Russo made the state's case as shaky as Jell-O. He also displayed considerable antagonism toward Garrison and his staff, who had extracted depositions from him under hyp-



MUNIR & MARY SIRHAN
That face in the mirror.

notism and the influence of Sodium Pentothal, a so-called truth serum. Russo admitted that he never heard either Shaw or Oswald agree to murder Kennedy—only Ferrie actually said he would do so. He added that Ferrie indulged in such talk so often that Russo considered the conversation more of a "bull session" than a conspiracy.

The state did make one possibly significant point. Russo has insisted that Shaw was introduced to him as "Clem Bertrand." A veteran mailman, James Hardiman, swore that he had delivered letters addressed both to Clay Shaw and to Clem Bertrand at the French Quarter home of Jeff Biddison, a close friend of Shaw. Even so, that did not make Shaw a member of a conspiracy.

At week's end another of Garrison's witnesses backfired. Special FBI Agent Lyndal Shaneyfelt testified that he had minutely examined the Zapruder film, as well as enlarged prints of the fatal shot that shattered Kennedy's head. Asked Defense Attorney Dymond: "Based on your examination, have you found any photographic evidence to indicate that the shots that hit President Kennedy came from any direction other than his right rear?" Replied Shaneyfelt: "I did not."

DEFENSE

The Coldest War

When it is -60° F. in the midwinter wastes of the Arctic, a man must battle without cease just to keep alive. Out on the tundras of Alaska, flesh exposed to such intense cold may freeze within one minute, and mistakes are paid for by the loss of a hand or a foot. At 60° below, steel will break more easily and rubber is as brittle as glass. Standard lubricating oils solidify into a buttery mess, and gasoline must be liberally dosed with alcohol to keep motors running. Unless engines are kept turning over, they risk a "cold soaking" that seizes every moving part in icy immobility.

Even when they live outdoors for days on end with only tents for shelter, men can prove more rugged than their machines. Last week 6,000 weary G.I.s trekked back to the warmth of barracks after a fortnight of war games across 642,000 acres of frozen Alaskan muskeg 128 miles below the Arctic Circle. Though they were engaged in the coldest winter maneuvers on record, only eight soldiers had been hospitalized briefly for frostbite and 46 others treated for minor freezing pains (six men died in accidents not connected with the cold). At the same time, 100 cold-soaked trucks, tracked personnel carriers and tanks had to be towed from snowdrifts to thawing-out tents to be restarted.

Logistics Nightmare. The locale for the exercise, aptly named "Acid Test," was south of the Tanana River near Fairbanks, in one of Alaska's coldest spots, where -80° F. has been registered. With temperatures of 60° below at some locations, the war games strained men

and machines to new limits as officers tested new doctrines for winter warfare.

Acid Test's deep freeze was a special nightmare for supply officers. Gasoline, for transport and collapsible Yukon stoves, had first priority, far ahead of ammunition. Next came rations; each infantryman must tuck in a formidable 5,000 calories of food a day to replace heat lost by his body. Water was another life-or-death commodity. Ski troopers in the desertlike dry cold require between three and five quarts of water daily. While equipment designers have achieved some success in producing insulated canteens and tanks to transport water into the field, the delay caused by a flat tire can turn an entire battalion's supply into ice.

No Deterrent. The troops carried on. "The cold is no real bother," claimed Pfc. Timmy Sasser, 17, a mortarman



GUARDING 105-MM. HOWITZER IN ALASKAN GAMES

from Dallas who was striving to erect a tent in -40° . Two companies of "aggressors," dropped by parachute, endured the equivalent of -175° F. as they hit the icy prop wash of their aircraft. But the cold was no deterrent to the paratroopers. Mushing ten miles on skis through deep powder snow at 53° below zero, dragging their survival kits on Ahkio sleds, 16 troopers pulled off a brilliant nighttime surprise attack on the headquarters of Brigadier General John C. Bennett, field commander of the maneuvers. In order to "get the feel of the place," Bennett had been sleeping in a tent with his Yukon stove unit.

Bennett, who learned to fight with helicopters as deputy commander of the Green Berets in Viet Nam, believes airborne tactics hold the answer to the overriding problem of how to move men quickly across an Arctic battlefield. A helicopter assault by infantry on 925-ft.-high Clear Creek Butte was a travesty of the lightning raids against the Viet Cong. Troopers, with clothing and

equipment adding more than 100 lbs. to their weight, floundered in waist-deep snow roped to their sleds under the freezing blast of the chopper blades.

An enemy, of course, could move no faster over the same terrain. Although a conventional footsloggers' war under Arctic conditions sounds improbable nowadays, Bennett and his staff are mindful that both the Soviet and Chinese armies have forces inured to such climes. The U.S. officers want to know just how cold it must get before armies are obliged to stop fighting each other and fight merely to survive; the troops who can stay collective as soldiers the longest in the coldest have a decided advantage. To Bennett, Acid Test proved that his men were capable of meeting any human foe, because the elements, their most dangerous enemy, had failed altogether to stop them.

ILLINOIS

Democrats Against Daley

A small, possibly doomed, but significant revolt against Mayor Richard Daley is being staged in Illinois by dissident Democrats. The movement's unofficial leader: State Treasurer Adlai Stevenson III, who last month helped found a legislative study group in the state capital of Springfield. The group's aim is to end the feudal system of Democratic party politics within the state and to broaden participation in policymaking. To give the group the aura of legitimacy, Stevenson asked Hubert Humphrey to drop by and confer the blessing of his titular party leadership.

This infuriated Daley, and his lieutenants used political muscle against legislators who wanted to attend. One was warned that he would face a machine-supported opponent in the next primary if he went to the meeting. Another was told he would be reappointed out of his seat if he continued his association with the group. A third

was bluntly advised that he was keeping the wrong company.

Numerically, the Daley tactics appeared to work. Of 99 Democratic legislators, only 25 showed up for the meeting in Springfield. Humphrey, however, insisted that the absence of the Daleymen didn't bother him. He added: "I intend to encourage the formation of groups like this all over the country, in all 50 states."

Next day, Humphrey visited city hall in Chicago for a 20-minute chat with the mayor. Emerging, Humphrey fulsomely praised Daley as a "constructive force in the Democratic Party" and "one of the truly outstanding mayors of the nation." What was the former Vice President up to? Clearly, he was out to knit together as best he could his party in Illinois while protecting his own interests. He wanted neither to out-

"It's off and running. It's a shot in the arm for demoralized Democrats all over the state."

Shambles Ahead. It is also inviting a head-on collision with King Richard, who has maintained an iron rule over Illinois Democrats for the past 14 years. When the crash comes, says Stevenson, "there'll be a shambles." He adds, "But what have we got to lose?" After all, he points out, in November Daley was unable to carry Illinois for Humphrey. The mayor's choice for Governor, Sam Shapiro, was defeated, as were several other Democratic candidates.

Next month Stevenson and his reform friends are carrying the battle to Chicago, where a special election is being held to fill six vacancies on the 50-man city council. Independent Democrats will challenge machine-backed candidates in five of the six races. They

INDIANA

Open House in Terre Haute

Mayor Leland Harrison, 53, appeared on a local TV news show to protect his reputation. Indignantly, he denied a wire service story that he had vowed to rid Terre Haute of prostitution and gambling. The mayor's firm stand in defense of vice raised a modest cheer from gamblers in the upstairs room at the Club Idaho on Hulman Street, and then they went back to their roulette and poker. A sign on the door read: WHAT YOU SEE, WHAT YOU HEAR, WHEN YOU LEAVE, LEAVE IT HERE.

Though the town seemed happy with the mayor's decision, the gown was not. Alan C. Rankin, president of Indiana State University, was disturbed because his burgeoning school was encroaching on the Tenderloin. Brand-new high-rise dormitories now stand across the street from battered old brownstones that house the brothels. He was further irritated by the local conviction that students account for a substantial amount of the prostitutes' business. Rankin declared: "My position is, let's enforce the law," and, with the school paper's support, he began pressuring the mayor to clean up the city.

Boomtown, U.S.A. The trouble is that the citizenry has long lived in the vicinity of vice. In the roaring '20s, with thousands at work in the surrounding coal mines and thousands more employed in the railroad yards, there was no shortage of customers for the brothels and horse rooms. The city's gamy reputation drew rakehells from as far north as Chicago, 156 miles away. Oldtimers recall the days when not a single house was a home in the six-block Tenderloin along the Wabash River.

After the 1920s, Terre Haute went into economic decline. There were repeated floods and a succession of bitter labor disputes, including a 1935 general strike. The mines lost money and the rail yards (famed as the starting point for Union Organizer and Socialist Candidate for President Eugene Debs) sharply diminished. In 1963 a series of gas explosions upended buildings and won the city the derisive title of "Boomtown, U.S.A." More and more, Terre Haute (1968 pop. 72,500) leaned for revenue on Indiana State, which grew from 4,000 students to 16,000 in ten years.

But Mayor Harrison stood firm for the old ways. "We've got a bad reputation," he conceded, "and it wouldn't make any difference if Jesus Christ were mayor; we'd still have a bad reputation." He offered a trade: "If the college will get rid of the beatniks, kooks and hippies over there, I'll shut down the houses." Police Chief Glen Means explained that prostitution was a "necessary evil." Because of it, he says, "there was not a single case of rape in Terre Haute last year. Oh, a few college girls hollered rape, but it really wasn't." Other citizens argued that the trolls keep the college boys contented despite campus



HUMPHREY & DALEY AT CHICAGO'S CITY HALL
No more nights in the Lincoln bed.

rage Daley nor to frustrate Adlai Stevenson. Daley represents the faction that had assured Humphrey the presidential nomination last year; Stevenson symbolizes the younger, more independent element that the party—and perhaps Humphrey himself—needs in future battles. But Humphrey seems to have underestimated the native antagonisms that are sundering the party in Illinois.

Daley later denied that there was any need for a peacemaker, insisting that there was no party split in Illinois. "This is being created by some media of communications," Daley protested.

Down in Springfield, Daley's team was having second thoughts. Each of the 25 legislators who heard Humphrey speak was photographed with him, and each received a press release for his home-town newspapers. Those who had stayed away realized they had passed up a chance to appear in the spotlight, at least in the eyes of their constituents. Of the study group, says Stevenson,

have reasonable hopes of winning two seats, with Fred Hubbard, 39, a black youth worker running in a largely Negro ward, and William Singer, 28, a lawyer who campaigned for Robert Kennedy and is running in a well-to-do Near North Side ward.

Though Mayor Daley still has plenty of political clout, he seems nevertheless curiously diminished. With Nixon in Washington, Daley will no longer be receiving those friendly phone calls from the Oval Room of the White House, nor will he be sleeping in Abraham Lincoln's bed on Washington visits. When Humphrey called on the mayor last week, he may well have noticed a symbol of change in Daley's plush office on the fifth floor of city hall. The swinging door that was once supposed to indicate Daley's accessibility to the people has been replaced by a thick hardwood portal that slides on steel tracks and can only be opened by a security guard or Daley's private secretary.



MAYOR LARRISON & WIFE
If the town was satisfied . . .

turmoil from coast to coast, Indiana State has had no serious student riots or disturbances.

A Mayor Unmoved. While the mayor and police chief championed the status quo, Vigo County Sheriff Clyde Lovellette acted like an old-fashioned lawman. Sending ahead deputies to "collect evidence," the new seven-foot sheriff raided three Tenderloin houses and arrested nine women. All pleaded guilty and were each sentenced to 15 days in jail. Spurred by the raid and a petition signed by 400 citizens, the city council unanimously urged police to "sincerely attempt" to eliminate vice.

Larrison, who suspects that Fellow Republican Lovellette plans to run against him in 1971, was unmoved. He said that the resolution is not binding and has "no teeth." As for the councilmen, Larrison—who favors legalized prostitution—added, "A lot of them voted yes because they lacked the courage to stand up and show their convictions."



UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT RANKIN
... the gown was not,

THE ENVIRONMENT

The Dead Channel

The killing sea of oil off Southern California grew ever wider and more elusive. Though the eleven-day leak on Union Oil Company's offshore rig had been successfully plugged, its 800-sq.-mi. slick returned with each tide. And it was fed anew by a residual leak under Platform A that appeared last week.

Wherever it shifted, the oil brought ecological disaster to bird and sea life. At Santa Barbara's three treatment centers, 1,400 sea-diving birds had been brought in. Only a third survived. Other shore-line birds, such as curlews, plovers and willets, which feed on sand creatures, had fled the area.

The oil and the chemicals that were used to dissolve and distribute the slick were deadly to sea life. Carl Hubbs, marine biology professor emeritus at La Jolla's Scripps Institution, predicted "a complete destruction of life in the intertidal regions along the shore for 20 miles, and considerable destruction for as many as 50 miles." As if in confirmation, the bodies of six seals floated onto Santa Barbara beaches. Autopsies performed on one of three dead dolphins showed that its blowhole had been clogged with oil, causing massive lung hemorrhages.

The Santa Barbara Channel, where the leak occurred, has been one of the best of California's fishing grounds, yielding 27 million lbs. of fish, including mackerel, anchovies and bonita, in 1967. Since the spill, the Fisherman's Cooperative Association of San Pedro has not taken a fish out of the channel. "We haven't even seen one," says General Manager Tony Pisano. Lobster and crab fishermen retrieving their pots from the channel found their catch alive, but completely covered with oil.

Union Oil announced that it would bear the full cost of repairing the mess, and instituted "Operation Sea Sweep." The company sent a huge cleaning contraption into the slick. Powered by tug, the V-shaped strainer—250 ft. across—skims the surface, and deposits oil in a barge. Trouble was, the swells constantly interrupted the devil's labor.

Brittany and Cornwall. Inevitably, conservationists felt compelled to compare the effect of the Santa Barbara slick with the 100,000 tons spilled into the English Channel in 1967 by the wreck of the tanker *Torrey Canyon*. In Cornwall, the British government dumped 1,000,000 gallons of detergents and chemicals on the beaches and into the ocean. The sands and rocks now are without a trace of tar, but the sea is practically devoid of plankton, which nourishes such underwater creatures as limpets and winkles. By contrast, when the slick floated to the coast of Brittany, the French insisted that toxic detergents should not be used. Scooping up the oil was slower, but less destructive to sea life. However, the bird

population has never recovered from the oil. The rare puffin, which nests in the Channel islands, has almost ceased to exist.

Though detergents and chemicals were used initially at Santa Barbara, by last week the practice had been abandoned. Part of the reason was that the various processes proved ineffective. But in their zeal to restore the beauty of Santa Barbara's beaches—some valued at \$2,000 a front foot—crews incurred the ire of conservationists by steam-cleaning the rocks, thereby cooking marine life that had escaped the oil.

In Washington, President Nixon ordered his science adviser, Dr. Lee A. DuBridge, to form a team of scientists and engineers in an investigation of the



BARGE STRAINING OIL FROM THE SEA
Possibly the worst ever.

Santa Barbara disaster. Nixon also told the panel "to produce far more stringent and effective regulations" so that "crises of this kind will not recur."

California's attorney general, meanwhile, was preparing two suits for over \$100 million each against the Federal Government and Union Oil for damage to wildlife and the shore line. Private suits, such as the one filed in Santa Barbara Superior Court for over \$1 billion, may well be joined with the state action.

More immediately troublesome to Union was the claim that it had seriously underreported the quantity spilled by the eleven-day gusher. Alan Allen, an engineer for General Research Corp. of Santa Barbara, meticulously plotted the spread and flow of the oil. Union had said that the crude escaped at the rate of 500 bbl. per day. By Allen's calculations, which he calls "ridiculously conservative," the ruptured well was spewing out at least 5,000 bbl.

THE WORLD



WEST BERLIN'S KURFÜRSTENDAMM, WITH THE KAISER WILHELM MEMORIAL CHURCH & THE EUROPA CENTER

BERLIN: RICH

ONCE MORE, TROUBLE IN BERLIN

CRISES elsewhere may flourish and then fade, but West Berlin persists as the West's perennial and most exposed pressure point. Isolated 110 miles inside hostile East Germany, militarily indefensible and dependent for economic survival on easily sundered access routes, it is the place where the cold war began 21 years ago—and where the Communists refuse to let it die. Last week Berlin was once again the center of an incipient crisis.

By a sudden decree, the East German regime of Stalinist Walter Ulbricht barred a large number of West German legislators and all military personnel from traveling by road or rail through East Germany on their way to and from West Berlin. The action was largely symbolic, since the travelers could fly to West Berlin on Allied civilian airliners, which are not subject to East German control. But the ban was yet another cut at one of West Berlin's most vital assets, its free access—one that the Communists have been whittling away since last March.

War of Nerves. Even more important, the East German move touched on the very status of West Berlin. West Germany has always maintained that West Berlin is a part of the Federal Republic, though, of course, under special Allied control. As symbolic support for that claim, the Bonn regime has three times in the past 15 years convened the Federal Assembly in West Berlin to select a President. Next month German legislators will meet again in the former German capital to choose a successor to retiring West German President Heinrich Lübke. Until now, East Germany has maintained that West Berlin was "a separate political entity." But now the East Germans, eager as always to assert their identity as a sovereign and equal German state, claim that West Berlin is on their soil and be-

longs to them. They thus regard West German political activity in West Berlin as a direct provocation against their own independence.

Meanwhile, the Communists have stepped up the war of nerves, peppering West Berliners with public warnings of harsher measures to come and delivering chilling private threats to political leaders in West Berlin. Against that backdrop of anxiety, Soviet Marshal Ivan Yakubovsky, the commander of the Warsaw Pact, arrived in East Berlin for a conference—held, according to the East German news agency, in a "brotherly fighting spirit"—with military leaders from the other six Warsaw Pact countries. Yakubovsky has a Bifspkian habit of turning up just before something big happens; he visited Berlin shortly before the Wall went up in 1961, and his tour of East Europe last summer preceded the invasion and occupation of Czechoslovakia.

West Berliners feared that his presence this time might foreshadow Warsaw Pact maneuvers in East Germany that could be used as a pretext for closing all ground routes to the city—and perhaps even for sending MIGs to buzz civilian airliners in the air corridors, as the Soviets did in 1965. Those fears were reinforced by Allied intelligence reports that the Soviets and East Germans had begun to move troops into the vicinity of West Berlin's land access routes.

President's Signal. Faced with the Communist threat, the Western Allies firmly reminded the Soviet Union that they hold the Russians responsible for maintaining free access to West Berlin. After talks in Bonn with Chancellor Kurt Kiesinger, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson jetted to West Berlin for a seven-hour visit. "We shall continue—you can count on this—to do all that is in our power to ensure that

your freedom is preserved," he said on television. Berliners were pleased and somewhat reassured. But they were even more pleased by the prospect of next week's visit by President Nixon. As the Berliners see it, Nixon's determination to press on with his visit, despite the present tension, serves notice on the Communists that the new American President will back up the old U.S. pledge to protect Berlin.

Western diplomats felt that it was highly unlikely that the Soviets would allow the East Germans to aggravate the Berlin situation into an American-Soviet dispute while Nixon was en route there. After all, the Soviets have so far been careful not to provoke the new President. They hope that he will work with them to forgo the building of an anti-ballistic missile system and to keep West Germany from getting nuclear weapons by pressuring Bonn into signing the nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Those Soviet goals would be imperiled by a new showdown in Berlin. As West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt put it, "The higher interest of the Soviet Union argues against a big crisis."

Still, it was significant that the Soviets had allowed the East Germans to go as far as they did. Perhaps the most plausible explanation was that the Soviet leaders felt compelled to allow their most loyal and important ally to kick up a minor fuss, while all the time stage-managing the crisis so that its timing and proportions would not seriously impair U.S.-U.S.S.R. relations.

Unfortunate Delay. Whatever the Soviet motives, the West Germans' inept handling of the election plans probably tempted the Russians to fasten on to that particular issue. Despite vague Communist warnings, the West Germans decided last December to go ahead with presidential selection in Berlin. But then the West Germans unfortunately failed

to send out the formal summonses that would have made the decision final. The delay apparently led the Communists to believe that the West Germans could still be badgered out of holding the elections in Berlin.

Consequently, the Communists openly stepped up their threats. At the urging of West Berlin's Mayor Klaus Schütz, the West Germans felt that under the circumstances they could not back down. Britain, France and the U.S., who had previously been skeptical about the political wisdom of holding the election in Berlin, felt obliged to back up the West Germans. So last week Bonn finally sent out 1,036 invitations to federal and state legislators, convoking them in Berlin on March 5 to choose between the Christian Democrats' Gerhard Schröder and the Socialists' Gustav Heinemann for the office of President of the Federal Republic.

If the present Berlin situation develops into a genuine crisis, it will perhaps reflect above all the realities of a divided Germany. The wartime Allies, of course, remain the final authorities in Berlin. But between statute and practice there is a large grey area in which the two Germanys have room for maneuver and can, up to a certain point, manipulate the other powers for their own domestic advantage.

ITALY

Departing from the Script

Communist party congresses are usually thoroughly predictable, ritualistic affairs, and for a time last week the Twelfth Congress of the Italian party in Bologna observed the punctilios. The valiant North Vietnamese delegation was vigorously applauded, exiles from Greece were sympathetically received, and representatives from 34 other nations were recognized. But then, for the 1,041 delegates and 4,000 observers in Bologna's overheated sports arena, the ritual ended. Secretary-General Luigi Longo, 68, signaled the change with some curious additions to and omissions from his four-hour keynote speech. He praised, of all people, Pope Paul VI, saying that he entirely agreed with the Pope's view that too much of the West's economy was based on profit motives rather than social obligation. And Longo, in the course of 20,000 words, never once invoked the name of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin.

Greetings from Dubček. Russia, it became clear as the meeting progressed, had joined imperialism as a target. Italy's Communist party, the biggest in the West with 1,500,000 members, had protested the August occupation of Czechoslovakia; last week's meeting quickly developed into a forum in which the Russians were reproached anew in some of the most forceful language ever used against them. Longo maintained that "the authority of the Czechoslovak leaders is a precious patrimony for all their people, for all Socialist coun-

tries, for all men in the world who believe in socialism and struggle for it." Rumanian Delegate Paul Niculescu-Mizil insisted that the Russians "lacked any justification" for their actions against Czechoslovakia. Czechoslovak Representative Evzen Erban, delivering a speech that had undergone three new drafts before the Russians finally cleared it, was under a ban not to mention the name of Czechoslovak Leader Alexander Dubček. But when Erban defied orders and conveyed Dubček's fraternal greetings, the hall erupted into a 90-second standing ovation.

Continuous Gain. The Russian invasion, as far as the Italians are concerned, could scarcely have occurred at a worse time. Italian Communists have made steady political progress in 25 years. In the most recent national election last May, the party won 8,500,000 votes, or 26.9% of the total cast. Its bloc of 177 members in the Chamber of Deputies is the second biggest, after the Christian Democrats, and makes it impossible for the Christian Democrats to govern except through a coalition. The coalition—Christian Democrats and Socialists—is increasingly shaky, and the new government of Premier Mariano Rumor is beset by accusations of disintegrating education and welfare programs, widespread unease over the increasing power of government and private corporations, and a general charge that Christian Democrats have lost touch with the people. Even in the midst of "Il Boom" of Italy's thriving economy, the Communists

* The most preposterous counterview of the week was expressed in Sofia, where Todor Pavlov, a member of the Bulgarian Politburo, declared that "the entry into Czechoslovakia by the fraternal Socialist armies saved the peace in Europe," and brazenly proposed that they be awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for this accomplishment.

continue to increase their popular vote.

The party is eager to put together a new coalition of the left; the slogan in Bologna last week was "a political alternative to overcome the crisis." Praise for Pope Paul from Longo was meant for the ears of progressive Catholics who might join such a coalition. The party is also seeking ways, without watering down its power, to give more attention to the new left, the young radicals who are entering Italian politics. One instance of such attention: election to the party's Central Committee at week's end of university student Fabio Mussi, 21, the youngest person ever to sit with that august group. Finally, the attack on Russian actions in Czechoslovakia was meant to show Italian voters that the party is unfettered by strings from Moscow. On that score, Bologna provided a convincing demonstration that doubtless raised fresh hesitancy in Moscow about the wisdom of convening a summit of world Communist parties any time soon.

License to Spell

In strike-ridden Italy, everyone, it seems, has something to protest. Last week it was the magicians. A score showed up for a demonstration in front of Rome's crowded Chamber of Deputies building, having abundantly proved their powers by finding parking space nearby (180 others scheduled to attend failed that elementary test). The petition they presented to Premier Mariano Rumor requested that one thing which magicians admittedly cannot grant themselves: professional status and the government-paid pensions that it brings.

By way of persuasion, the magicians threatened to hypnotize the police en masse, or, alternatively, offered to solve Rome's horrendous traffic problems. So far, neither suggestion has budged the

ITALIAN COMMUNIST CONGRESS AT BOLOGNA



government. The protest leader was the Magician of Tobruk, who takes his name from a childhood prediction of his father's wartime death in the Libyan city. Said he: "All we want is recognition, then we'll show what we can do. If they want spells, we'll show them."

One request that they did not make was for higher fees. The Magician of Tobruk conjures up for himself a reputed income of \$1,500 a day. His establishment includes an eight-room apartment, five reception rooms, and two secretaries. Substantial success is common among Italy's wizards, who offer their clients counsel, clairvoyance and, at higher fees, "the art of magnetic fluids," said by 18th century German Physician Friedrich Mesmer to circulate in the universe, available for good or evil. Nearly every village has its specialist in

FRANCE

The Bodyguard

Divorces are hardly news in the cinema world. But when Star Alain Delon and his svelte wife Nathalie came to a final parting last week on the grounds of "serious mutual insult," a great many people found the event worthy of special note as the latest and inevitable installment in one of those long-running scandals that Paris so cherishes. Last week Nathalie was in Rome making a new movie, and Alain was before the cameras in Paris. For months, however, both have been the cause of a *cause célèbre* that has everything—sex, politics, murder and decadence.

The plot of the scandal is triangular, and the third party was handsome, muscular Stevan ("the Bull") Marković, a

portance far beyond that normally accorded to a simple killing. No fewer than seven inspectors were assigned to the case, a mark of genuine concern, and the Interior Minister was reported to be in regular contact with investigators. Soon some of the story began to get out. Marković had proved exceptionally able at turning up pretty young girls for his friends; moreover, he produced photographic records of their activities from his private albums even when such mementos were not requested. Properly businesslike, he kept detailed records of the transactions—and there were rumors that those lists included the names of several Gaullist Deputies, the wife of a former Cabinet minister, high-ranking civil servants and wealthy industrialists.

A particularly interesting lead was provided by a letter that Marković wrote, shortly before his death, to his brother Aleksander, a Trieste businessman and once captain of the yacht of Yugoslav President Josip Broz Tito. In that letter Stevan told his brother that "if anything happens to me, address yourself to Alain Delon, to his wife and to his associate François Marcantoni, a real gangster..." Police seized Marcantoni, once linked with the Corsican Mafia, and began putting him through a long series of interrogations that are still going on. So far, however, he has not incriminated himself. "They want me to wear the hat," he said, "but I can assure them that it won't fit." Other underworld witnesses have been hauled in for questioning as well, including such Parisian types as "Jeannot le Corse," "Bronco," "Swami" and "François le Belge," but their testimony has simply confused matters. So far, efforts to coax Nathalie to testify have been largely fruitless, although she did submit to one bout of questioning. Now she pleads that she is too busy in Rome to break away. Delon, more cooperative, has chalked up four appearances so far. Each time he makes a point of declaring his innocence to reporters, accusing "rumormongers and nymphomaniacs" of plotting against him.

Nubile Young Girls. Titillating though the published details were, *le tout Paris* concentrated its gossip on the high personages reportedly involved. Almost everyone seemed to know the name of the former Cabinet minister's wife, for instance. It all stimulated memories of the "Ballets Russes" organized during the late '50s by André Le Troquer, at the time President of the National Assembly. Le Troquer made a habit of wrapping nubile young girls in antique carpets and delivering the bundles to aging revelers. But that was a long time past. The choicest scandal is always the present scandal, and in Parisian salons there was a delicious feeling that the "serious mutual insult" cited in the Delon divorce might well spread through several more households—and government bureaus—before the end of "L'affaire Marković."



MARKOVIĆ (LEFT) & DELON IN PARIS
"If anything happens to me..."

the occult, and the Magician of Montefredane, a small town near Naples, was wizard enough to get himself elected mayor. Occasionally, the magnetism goes too far, as in the case of a Milanese operator currently on trial for palming \$17,000 paid by a noble lady to charm her lover back, a feat the magician was unable to perform.

Since one person's magic is another's *malocchio* (evil eye), Italy's status-seeking magicians are encountering the problem of union men everywhere. Solidarity is unattainable, because no magician will admit that anyone but himself and a few of his close friends possesses true powers. The Magician of Rome, for instance, considers last week's demonstration organized by his Tobruk rival to be highly unprofessional, though he agrees with its aims: "Too long have we been taken for figures of ridicule. We have waited thousands of years for professional status. We can go on waiting."

31-year-old Serb who worked for Alain as a combination valet, bodyguard and friend. When Delon and Nathalie sallied forth to Parisian *boîtes* and *saloons*, surrounded by their band of hangers-on, Marković was always at their side. Wherever Alain went, in fact, Stevan was sure to go. He lived with them in their plush town house at 22 Avenue de Messine, traveled with them to their luxurious beach home at St. Tropez. A skilled wrestler, he was equally quick with his fists; these talents were sometimes useful to Alain, who had picked up a wide underworld acquaintance of pals during his earlier days as a young street brawler, a rifleman in Indo-China and a merchant sailor. For Stevan, it was an amusing existence, but it came to an abrupt end last fall. In early October, a ragpicker found his sackcloth-swathed corpse in a garbage dump at Elancourt, near Versailles.

Almost immediately, the police investigations began to assume an im-

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INDIA: Another Setback for Indira

BFFORE the polls opened, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi seemed confident and optimistic. Later, while her opponents smeared their foreheads with vermilion and danced in the streets of Calcutta, Indira was withdrawn and downcast. In last week's off-year elections in four of India's most important states, Indira's once all-powerful Congress Party emerged undefeated only in her home state of Uttar Pradesh. Elsewhere it went down to stinging defeats. The results were, in fact, so poor that they cast grave doubts on the Congress Party's ability to continue as India's ruling party after the 1972 elections.

The elections were especially impor-

tant because the Congress Party's group emerged with enough strength to form a government. As a result, the Congress Party, which ended up 42 seats short of a majority, is attempting to organize a government by lining up the support of independent legislators. But in the northern state of Punjab, the Sikh communalist party, the Akali Dal, entered into a working arrangement with the Hindu Jana Sangh Party that will enable the two parties to form a coalition government.

The Congress Party's most stunning setback came in India's most strategic state, West Bengal, which borders East Pakistan. It also contains India's largest concentration of industry and its most miserable city, Calcutta. In West Bengal, the twelve-party United Front, which is dominated by Peking-ling Communists, won 214 seats in the 280-seat legislature, while the Congress Party's holding dropped from 127 seats to only 55. There was little doubt that the United Front would now put together a government that may well be headed by a Maoist chief minister.

Special Torture. But there was considerable anxiety about how the new government might behave. In 1967, the United Front government ruled for nine turbulent months. On instructions from leftist ministers, the police stood aside while workers illegally picketed, and sometimes pillaged, their plants. In more than 1,000 instances, the workers subjected their helpless employers to a special Bengali torture—the *gherao*. They kept their superiors trapped in their offices, often without recourse to sanitary facilities, until they acceded to the often unreasonable union demands. Soon West Bengal was in a dangerous state of disorder, with its industry grinding toward a standstill. Indira placed the state under New Delhi's rule.

Most Indian political experts believe that the United Front will behave somewhat better this time in order to keep the Prime Minister from reimposing President's Rule on West Bengal. That may be overly optimistic. In all likelihood, the Communist victory there and the process of political fragmentation elsewhere in India forebode a period of increasing instability and chaos.

The Fires of Hatred

For four terrifying days, maddened rioters surged through the streets of Bombay, burning, looting and battling police for control of India's most westernized city. When calm was finally restored last week, 52 Indians lay dead, more than 650 were injured and nearly 3,500 were under arrest. Only eight days before, Moslems across the subcontinent in Calcutta, angered by what they felt was a newspaper's slur of Mohammed, exploded in a brief outburst of violence that cost five lives. The two clashes were the latest manifestations of the communal hatreds that have

plagued India for generations—and are the chief obstacles to the long-cherished dream of Indian unity.

The coming of independence, which might have been expected to bring Indians together, instead exacerbated the problems of its linguistic, regional and religious animosities. In Indian parlance, the feuds are lumped together under the word communalism. The term once connoted a beneficial form of cooperation but in the last decades of the British Raj came to mean precisely the opposite. Communalism has long been one of India's paramount concerns, and there is every indication that the process of fragmentation is speeding up.

Border Dispute. The Bombay riots were a classic example of regional chauvinism. In recent years, at least 50 re-



INDIRA & PETS
Disenchantment compounded.

tant because Indira's party in most cases had schemed to bring them about. After the Congress Party's initial setbacks in the 1967 state elections, the four states—West Bengal, Punjab, Bihar and Uttar Pradesh—had ended up with weak, ineffectual governments, which Indira subsequently suspended, placing the states under direct President's Rule. After a period of political fence mending, Indira hoped that her party would regain its dominance in the new elections.

Communist Victory. Her hopes were rudely rebutted by the results. They showed that Indian voters are increasingly disenchanting with the Congress Party, and are voting along communal and regional lines (see following story). Another lesson: the small parties, once lost among the myriad of India's miniparties, have a chance of defeating the Congress monolith if they join electoral alliances. In the fertile northeastern state of Bihar, where the small parties failed to unite, no sin-



BAL THACKERAY
Wounds reinfected.

gional-minded organizations called *senas* (armies) have sprung up across India. The most potent of these is Bombay's *Shiv Sena*, formed in 1966 by a hot-tempered political cartoonist named Bal Thackeray. A fierce anti-Communist who admits to an admiration for Adolf Hitler's nation-building abilities, Thackeray emerged as a political force in 1967, when he and his followers engineered the defeat of Krishna Menon's bid for re-election to Parliament. Since that time, Thackeray has fought hard to obtain a better break for the natives of Maharashtra State, of which Bombay is the capital; in particular, he worked to get more white-collar jobs for them, charging that outsiders from the neighboring states of Mysore and Kerala hold a disproportionate number

* Originally, Thackeray's family name was Thakre. His father decided to change the name, so Thackeray says, because of his great admiration for the writings of William Makepeace Thackeray.



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POSTER URGING INDIAN UNITY
A dance of death.

of these eagerly sought posts in Bombay. His war cry is "Maharashtra for the Maharashtrians," and he has been pressing the Indian government for several months for a resolution of Maharashtra State's long-pending claim to 814 villages in Mysore.

Last month Thackeray coolly announced that henceforth no government minister would be allowed to enter Bombay until a decision was made. The ban was challenged by Deputy Prime Minister and Finance Minister Morarji Desai less than two weeks later, and the *Shiv Sena* turned out in force. In the ensuing fracas, Desai's car seriously injured two of Thackeray's troopers, and a riot followed. Bombay's police fought back bitterly—all but one of the 52 dead were killed by police bullets. The riot damage was awesome. Five suburban rail stations were burned, 34 buses went up in smoke, and more than 100 private cars were burned. Despite the best efforts of the police, the rioting ended only when Thackeray, who was jailed on the second day of the riots, sent orders from his cell that peace be restored.

Hindu Mistrust. The Bombay affray focused attention on regional antipathy, the latest communalist problem to surface. Religious hatred, however, has been a serious concern for years. At least 100,000 Hindus and Moslems died in the vicious clashes that marked the division of former British India into the Indian Republic and Islamic Pakistan in 1947. For a time, the religious wounds seemed to be healing; between 1954 and 1959, only 367 clashes were recorded, but then the trend reversed. In 1964, the temporary disappearance from a Kashmir mosque of a sacred hair from Mohammed's head ignited trouble all across India. In 1967 alone, there were more than 200 outbreaks. The number al-

most doubled last year, the worst since independence.

Many Hindus mistrust Moslems on principle. "It is very difficult," asserts Professor Balraj Madhok of the pro-Hindu Jana Sangh Party, "for a religious-minded Moslem to be patriotic—Islam does not believe in territorial nationalism." Other Indians disagree, feeling that India's 70 million Moslems support Pakistan in its feuds with New Delhi. The accusation is denied by Moslems, who point out that they chose to stay in India, and they charge Hindus with discrimination despite the fact that India's President, Dr. Zakir Husain, and Chief Justice Mohammed Hidayatullah are both Moslems.

Caste Problems. The dark shadows of Hindu caste prejudice, illegal since 1950, are just as pervasive as religious differences. Food and Agriculture Minister Jagjivan Ram, himself a member of the fourth and lowest caste, the untouchables, says that "the overpowering influence of the caste system has not been eradicated but has become inherent in the entire Indian society."

Kshatriyas and Vaisyas, though high-caste Brahmins, today no longer visibly flinch if an untouchable sits next to them in a bus or restaurant but they will not, if they can help it, leave a house, flat or room to one. At village council meetings, untouchables are often forced to sit apart. In Andhra Pradesh early last year, a 19-year-old untouchable youth, accused of stealing a few rupees worth of cooking utensils, was tied up and burned alive.

Is any solution in view? *Indian Express* Columnist Nandan Kagal warned that India seemed engaged in a "dance of death" and that "the prospects of In-

dian unity seem bleaker today than at any time since Indian independence." *Times of India* Editor Sham Lal, in a signed editorial-page column, said that "a poor country of India's size cannot cope with its problems unless it learns to place the national interest above every parochial interest." Government officials, however, seemed intent on ducking decisions. Home Minister Y. B. Chavan confined himself to saying that he considered the Bombay uproar "most unfortunate." Prime Minister Indira Gandhi made no statement at all.

PAKISTAN

Ayub's Strategic Retreat

President Ayub Khan of Pakistan has been in politics for more than a decade now, but he has not forgotten some of the elementary lessons he learned as a Sandhurst cadet many years ago. Last week, with Pakistan in its fourth month of unprecedented civil disorder and with opposition pressure steadily mounting against him, the former field marshal began a cautious tactical retreat to blunt the onslaught.

The disturbances began last October with student protests over educational conditions. Since then they have developed into massive demonstrations against Ayub's regime, with charges of corruption, nepotism and incompetence as well as demands for constitutional reform and restoration of civil liberties. Last week a one-day general strike—the fourth in a month—paralyzed all of Pakistan's major cities. Demonstrators stopped trains, stoned cars and put two government newspapers to the torch. Virtually all business came to a halt. Police killed four demonstrators, bringing



DEMONSTRATORS IN KARACHI
Lessons learned at Sandhurst.

the number of riot deaths since October to around 40, and the army had to be called out to halt the disorders.

Potent Foe. The first sign that Ayub had called a retreat came with the release of hundreds of political detainees, including former Foreign Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, now one of his most implacable and potent foes. Under the so-called Defense of Pakistan Rules, emergency laws that Ayub has kept in effect since the Indo-Pakistan war more than three years ago, Bhutto was arrested in mid-November on charges of inciting to riot and endangering the national security. The President's second step was his promise that the emergency regulations would be canceled this week. Despite the fact that he had been freed, Bhutto greeted that announcement with skepticism. He had just begun a protest hunger strike, and he vowed that he would continue his fast until the regulations were indeed withdrawn.

Ayub's most significant move, however, was his offer to discuss constitutional reform with the opposition in the Democratic Action Committee, a loose alliance of eight conservative parties that have been promoting the anti-government campaign. Their demands include a return to the parliamentary system under which Pakistan was ruled before Ayub's bloodless takeover in 1958 and also the abolition of the present presidential election system. Within that Ayub-inspired framework, the President is chosen by 120,000 popularly elected "basic democrats." The opposition charges that the system is susceptible to government patronage and pressure and thus tends to perpetuate Ayub's rule. If it is not abolished, the eight parties plan to boycott basic democrat elections scheduled for late this year.

Far from Unanimous. Ayub's only consolation is that the opposition is far from unanimous on precisely what changes there ought to be. More important, two of Ayub's major opponents profess to be unwilling to negotiate with him. Bhutto, whose Pakistan People's Party is not part of the Democratic Action Committee, has pledged that he will not sit down with Ayub until the President steps down. With the army, the civil service, industry and landowners still backing him, Ayub does not seem likely to do that soon. Moreover, the Awami League, East Pakistan's leading party, also intends to boycott reform negotiations. Its popular leader, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, a fervent advocate of partial autonomy for the eastern wing of Pakistan, is still in jail. He was arrested in mid-1966, and later charged with treason for alleged involvement in a secessionist plot. His followers have threatened to continue their violent demonstrations until the Sheikh is released and until their demands for autonomy are met. Thus, with two of the most important opposition leaders on the sidelines, the prospect of negotiations may come to naught. In that case, Ayub will have to devise other Sandhurst stratagems.



ARMY PROPAGANDA TEAM IN ACTION

CHINA

Errant Army, Stubborn Peasants

For the past two years, the only cohesive and controlling force in a China disrupted by Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution has been the army. If it has not always exercised its power in a way that has pleased the leadership in Peking, the reason is not hard to find: most of the soldiers in the People's Liberation Army are of peasant stock, and it is the peasants who have been especially recalcitrant in the face of Peking's rule—even before the Cultural Revolution was ever launched.

While the revolution focused on the cities, China's peasants enjoyed the unusual experience of being virtually unpoliced. Most of them took advantage of Peking's inattention to indulge in economic "crimes" of one sort or another, such as expanding their private plots at the expense of commune lands, or chopping down state-owned timber, or withholding some grain from the government. To end this lax state of affairs, the regime has now sent thousands of "Mao Tse-tung's Thought Propaganda Teams" into the countryside. Kwangtung province alone has mobilized 50,000 industrial workers and 280,000 peasants for the heroic propaganda and purification push, or, as Peking labels it, the "purification of class ranks in the countryside." In effect, the campaign heralds the official wind-down of the Cultural Revolution, a finale that is to climax in "all-round victory."

Back to the Boondocks. But the countryside seems to want no part of purity. Passive resistance continues among the peasants—apparently with some connivance on the part of the army. There are complaints from revolutionary committees, which are now the governing bodies in China, that lower-ranking of-

ficers at district and county levels are not following orders, are in fact making their own decisions—presumably because they are siding with the peasants. The most specific complaints have come from Kweichow province where the provincial revolutionary committee has had to remind local commanders that the relationship between them was "that between the leaders and the led," that orders must be "executed in a moderate way." China watchers in Hong Kong deduce that similar problems of disobedience probably exist elsewhere in China as well.

The situation is aggravated by Peking's decision to reinstall party and government cadres who were ousted in the early purges of the Cultural Revolution. Indispensable as managers of economic and government, they have now been rehabilitated and are being sent back to the boondocks to straighten out the "misled masses." The army wants no part of the prodigal cadres. The more zealous Maoists in its ranks resent their return as betrayal of the aims of the Cultural Revolution, as a move that smacks of "restoration of the old." To the bulk of the army, however, the cadre issue represents a much more tangible threat. For the soldiers know that in line with Mao's dictum that "the party commands the gun," the return of the cadres means loss of power for the army.

Cherish the People. To alleviate such problems, Peking has just moved fresh troops into Kweichow, presumably in the hopes that they will better obey orders. On the national scene, the regime has launched an unusually vigorous campaign "to support the army and cherish the people." The propaganda push underlines Peking's concern with retubing the army's image, and hardly fits the official prediction of imminent "all-round victory."

Now you don't have to wash your dishes before you wash your dishes.



General Electric has built into its 1969 dishwashers a soft food disposer that grinds up and washes away practically any leftovers except bones.

Now you can take your dishes from the table to the dishwasher to the cupboard.

No more rinsing at the sink or scraping dirty dishes for you.

No more scrubbing pots and pans separately either. The new GE dishwasher has Selecta-Level upper racks that move up or down individually so dirty pots, pans, even

large platters fit in.

Then shower power goes to work. The new GE dishwasher has four jet streams. When they catch dirt in a quiet crossfire, they don't let up until every last speck is wiped out.

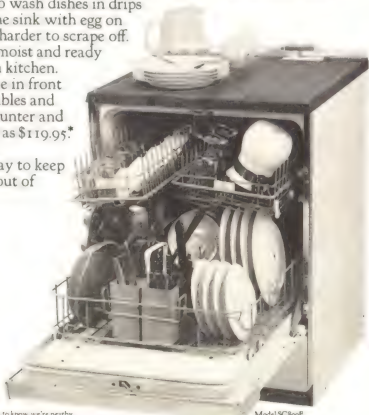
GE gives you a Mini-Wash[®] cycle for small loads and also its Rinse-and-Hold cycle. Now you don't have to wash dishes in drips and drabs or let them sit in the sink with egg on their face getting harder and harder to scrape off. You keep them out of sight—moist and ready for cleaning. You have a clean kitchen.

New GE dishwashers come in front load portables, top load portables and convertible models. Undercounter and undersink. Prices start as low as \$119.95*. Shaded color slightly higher.

Isn't that a small price to pay to keep you away from the sink and out of scrapes?



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You'll seldom need service on a GE dishwasher, but it's nice to know we're nearby.

*Price depends on model and accessories. All prices are approximate.

Model SC800E

THE PHILIPPINES

A Matter of Revenge

One of Asia's enduring insurgency problems is the feud between the guerrillas of the *Hukbong Mapagpalayan Bayan** and the Philippine government. For more than two decades, the Huks have been active in what is commonly called "Huklandia," an area in Central Luzon where social and economic ills create a fertile breeding ground for discontent. At the height of the insurgency in 1950-51, the Huks had an estimated 20,000 well-organized men under arms. A concerted government drive led by the late Ramon Magsaysay, then Defense Secretary, whittled that number down drastically, but did not succeed in stamping out the insurgents. To thou-

ruc, Sumulong had apparently felt challenged by Freddie. Last week, far from shattered, and united again at least in revenge, the Huks struck back.

Their cadres had earlier spread word that 21 government troopers would die—one for each of the guerrillas slain in the January encounters. Brigadier General Vicente Raval, who commands the Constabulary, put his forces on alert. But within hours, a band of about 20 Huks ambushed a twelve-man government detail, killing two and wounding nine. Three days later, another group shot up an army Jeep. A lieutenant and two other soldiers died in the fusillade; the lieutenant's four-year-old son was wounded, and only one passenger escaped unharmful.

General Raval dismissed the ambush-

Thus, for the first time in eleven years of martial law and rule by a firm if benevolent military oligarchy, last week Thant voted in a general election. The balloting was to choose 219 deputies for the lower house of Thailand's National Assembly. The election did not change the texture of the government of Premier Thanom Kittikachorn, a field marshal in the Royal Thai Army, nor did it appreciably crimp its powers. But in creating a legal opposition, it heralded a return to more representative and more responsive rule.

The regime had taken the first, cautious step toward political liberalization last June with the proclamation of a new constitution. The document provided for elections within 240 days, but it also safeguarded the Thanom government by stipulating that no-confidence motions could only come from a majority of members of the upper and lower houses. Such a negative vote would be unlikely, to say the least, since the upper house is entirely appointed by the regime. Said Opposition Leader Seni Pramoi, an articulate and outspoken lawyer who was Premier in 1945-46: "The constitution of 1968 almost achieves immortality for the Thai government."

Coping with Questions. To compete in the lower house elections, Thanom and the regime's strongman, Interior Minister Praphas Charusathien, who is also Deputy Premier and army commander, constructed their own political organization, the United Thai People's Party. Seni's Democrat Party, attractive to urban and educated Thais, formed the main opposition. Also opposing the government were a dozen smaller groups with little nationwide appeal. Despite long years of political apathy and a lack of distinctive platforms, the campaign was fairly spirited. In Bangkok, a Democrat Party stronghold, U.T.P.P. rallies were interrupted by hecklers. Moreover, the Democrats, ignoring dire warnings by General Praphas, hammered home their main election theme—corruption in government.

The turnout on election day could have been better: of 15 million registered voters, less than half went to the polls. As expected, the government party won a plurality, seating 76 deputies. In addition, Thanom can count on the backing of many of the 71 independents elected, thus assuring him of a working majority in the lower house. Seni's Democrats elected 57 representatives, including a sweep of all 21 seats in Bangkok and its sister city, Thonburi. The remaining 15 seats went to five of the smaller parties. Although some regime critics dismissed the election as little more than a public-relations exercise, the Thanom government now can claim a mandate of sorts for its actions. But at the same time, it will have to cope with an opposition that can be expected to ask stinging and probing questions. Says Seni: "The Thais are no longer taking things lying down—and I am happy about that."



CONSTABULARY WITH SLAIN HUKS IN JANUARY
Promise of a pound for a pound.

sands of peasants, the Huks, an odd farago of idealistic reformers, nationalists, Communists and mere bandits, are still Robin Hoods who mete out swift and bloody justice to cattle thieves and heavy-handed officials. To the government, they are dangerously politicized criminals who must be eradicated.

Thus Manila had reason for satisfaction last month when government forces killed 21 Huks in two bloody shoot-outs in Luzon. The paramilitary Philippine Constabulary had eliminated four guerrilla commanders, including the third-ranking man in the Huk hierarchy, Efrén Lopez, who went by the *nom de guerre* of Commander Freddie. The action apparently resulted in part from factional division and rivalry among the insurgents. Government forces had trapped Freddie and his men on a tip-off—and that tip-off had evidently come from Commander Sumulong, who ranks directly below Huk Supremo Pedro Ta-

res as Huk against to "salvage what is left of their prestige." But a junior officer was less optimistic: "Nobody in uniform is safe in Central Luzon until the Huks get their pound of flesh," he said. "And they'll get it, sooner or later." They probably will—considering that the government has promised much and done little. Huk strength is still estimated at around 300 armed men, which does not sound impressive—but they are supported by thousands of sympathetic or frightened peasants.

THAILAND

Democratic Beginnings

From the remote hill country, the ballots came in by relays of elephants to be counted in regional centers. In the guerrilla-plagued provinces of the northeast, troops stood on full alert, and in Bangkok, the capital, some 3,000 university students, describing themselves as "neutral observers," watched the polls to make sure all was fair and square.

* Tagalog for People's Liberation Army

PEOPLE

It was only a probing action, but it shook the very foundations of the fortress. Since 1907, the Oak Room of Manhattan's venerable Plaza Hotel has been an all-male bastion for three hours every weekday at lunchtime. Until last week, that is, when 15 members of the National Organization for Women, led by that superfeminist **Betty Friedan** (*The Feminine Mystique*), 47, demanded entrance on the ground that their civil rights were being violated. Five of the ladies actually managed to brush by a Plaza assistant manager and the *maitre d'* to capture a center table. But then they came up against the main line of resistance; the waiters studiously ignored their repeated cries for service, and the ladies were eventually forced to fall back. "This is the only kind of discrimination that's considered moral—or, if you will, a joke," fumed Mrs. Friedan. But she has not given up. She and the NOW girls have begun planning similar raids in Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles.

"Violence is the worst thing we can think of," **Muhammad Ali**, otherwise known as Cassius Marcellus Clay, cautioned delegates to a National Conference of Black Students in Minneapolis. "It's like a hull running into a locomotive: you can admire the hull for his courage, but he'll still end up splattered all over the track." Strange words indeed from a man who used to make his living with his fists—but Ali, undefeated but defrocked heavyweight champion, was not pulling any punches

on the race question. On the contrary. "By nature, blacks and whites are enemies," he insisted, urging separatism within America. "We want land. We want factories. We want stores. We must control our own destiny."

It started out as a droning House of Commons debate on the automatic right of hereditary peers to vote in Britain's House of Lords. But the argument quickly picked up steam when the talk turned to bastardy among the bluebloods. There are 25 dukes, and, said Labor M.P. William Hamilton, more than a few of them trace their lineage back to "those royal romances which always seemed to involve births on the wrong side of the blanket." As Hamilton figures it, the Duke of St. Albans, the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Richmond and the Duke of Buccleuch are descended from Charles II's twelve bastard children. There was some grumbling that Hamilton was being unfair to illegitimate children of the past. Responded the M.P.: "I am objecting to illegitimate children having the right, by virtue of being illegitimate, of going into the Lords."

They were playing the name game in New York's Pennsylvania Station, and Mrs. Charles Percy was trying to wrangle her way onto a jam-packed Washington-bound train. Sorry, said the ticket clerk, the train is full. Up to the window-stepped Senate Majority Leader **Mike Mansfield**, who modestly identified himself and asked for a ticket. "I don't care who you are, mister," snapped the clerk, "this train has been hooked solid for three days." Enter Senator **Edward Kennedy** and Wife **Joan**. Ted hardly got past "I'm Senator Kennedy and I'd like..." when the clerk produced not two but four tickets for the whole group. Noted Washington Post Columnist **Maxine Cheshire**, who reported the scene: "It just proves that the name Kennedy can take you almost anywhere you want to go."

Sixty-five years ago, President Theodore Roosevelt was asked by a concerned friend: "Can't you control your daughter?" Replied Teddy: "I can either run the country or control Alice—not both." Last week **Alice Roosevelt Longworth**, the indomitable "Princess Alice" of the T.R. era, turned 85. She is still splendidly uncontrolled, and refers to herself as a "withered Twiggy," a "likable old hag" or "one of those Roosevelt show-offs." Other times she settles for "a combination of Marie Dressler and Phyllis Diller." At her birthday party in Washington, where the guests included President and Mrs. Nixon, at their first private party outside the White House since the inauguration, she regaled the group with memories of the day she moved out of the man-



ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH
Show-off in a survey.

sion. As her parents drove her away in an open surrey, she recalled, she mimicked her father's rotund successor, William Howard Taft. She made what she thought were "horrible, fat, ogre faces" at the crowds, while calling "This, darlings, is what's coming after you."

The officials who took a look at 20th Century-Fox's movie, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*, before it was screened for **Queen Mother Elizabeth**, professed to be shocked. That ten-second bit in which two of Miss Brodie's girls get a glimpse of a drawing of a completely nude male would have to go. The decision brought hoots of derision from London's press. Said the *Daily Mirror*: "The Queen Mother has two grown daughters and a clutch of grandchildren. She was married to a sailor. One of her sons-in-law was also a sailor. And sailors, according to popular legend, are salty characters who know all about life."

They might not make it as stand-up comics on the nightclub circuit, but the two gals were good for a few guffaws at the Women's National Press Club in Washington. "My telephone hasn't rung for three weeks," moaned **Liz Carpenter**, formerly Lady Bird's gag-a-minute press secretary. "I almost tackle the postman. These days I not only open those invitations to art exhibits at the Corcoran—I even go to them." Next came **Gerry Van der Heuvel**, Pat Nixon's press secretary, who remarked wryly that following Liz was like "trying to follow the Apollo 11 flight with a kite." But never fear—she got off the ground by pointing out that the first thing Pat was going to do up in the family quarters of the White House was "paper over all those enlistment posters for the Alamo."



MUHAMMAD ALI
Beware the locomotive.

IN PRAISE OF MAY-DECEMBER MARRIAGES

*They come out on the world with lips shining,
Flocks and generations, until time
Seems like nothing so much
As a blinding snowstorm of virginity.
And a man, lost in the perpetual scurry of white,
Can only close his eyes
In a resignation of monogamy.*

—Christopher Fry's *Venus Observed*

MORE and more older men refuse to be resigned. Despite today's much-heralded split between generations, which should guarantee coeval marriages, the number of old-young alliances may be increasing. Certainly their visibility is. As May arrives, December seems closer than ever.

Envy as well as enmity is aimed at Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, 70, veteran of two other alliances with pretty young things, and now married to 26-year-old Cathleen Heffernan. The recent marriage of South Carolina's Senator Strom Thurmond, 66, and Nancy Janice Moore, 22, a former Miss South Carolina, suggests that even hard-shell Baptists may join a trend that once seemed confined to jet-setters. The Thurmonds typify a tendency of many May-December couples: they strive to be more normal than normal. "I love her and I'm very happy," says Thurmond. "We have so many things in common." Says Nancy: "We're such good friends as well as partners."

Durable Desire

Aristotle claimed that the ideal marrying age was 37 for the man, 18 for the woman. As he saw it, both would thus reach the end of their sexual decline at roughly the same time, when he was 70 and she was 50. But what do philosophers know anyway? In fact, a woman's sexual desire may continue for years after menopause. In men, the desire may thrive until an extraordinary age. In 1583, an Englishman named Thomas Parr was found guilty of committing adultery at the age of 100 and did penance, according to the custom of the time, by wearing a white sheet at the door of the church. Legend has it that Parr remarried at the age of 120 and had children by his second wife, Teb Sharmat, a lively farmer in the Caucasus, took a third wife—who was 50—when he was in his 90s. He explained that he did not want to get out of the habit. Some time before he died at 94, Bernard Berenson confided to his diary: "Only in what might be called my old age have I become aware of sex and the animal in woman." William Butler Yeats, who finally married at 52, was well into his 70s before he began trumpeting the raw sexuality of *The Wild Old Wicked Man*. Victor Hugo, at 82, told the French Senate with a wicked exuberance: "It is difficult for a man of my years to address such an august body. Almost as difficult as it is for a man of my years to make love three—no, four—times in one afternoon."

Society has often had doubts about intermarriage between the generations. The Talmud warns that "the Lord will not pardon him" who marries his daughter to an old man or takes a wife for his infant son. Literature abounds with bawdy cautionary tales describing the jealous geriatric husband and his ripe, relentless bride. For all the sniggers, though, older men have historically married much younger women. Given the hazards of childbearing until 50 or 60 years ago, it was not unusual for a man to bury one or two young wives. In those days, death provided the variety now offered by divorce. On the arduous American frontier, progress was marked by the graves of countless brides.

Even today in some less developed countries, May and December marry as a matter of course. A census about 30 years ago in India listed nearly 400,000 widows under the age of 15. The custom of purchasing infants as future

wives persists in parts of Africa, even though the mores are changing rapidly. Somewhat more conservatively, Chinese tradition dictates that a husband should be twice his wife's age plus one year.

A Young Man's Education

The double standard prevailing in this, as in so many other romantic matters, makes it far less acceptable for an older woman to form an alliance with a younger man. Still, there are rich precedents in that pattern as well. Oedipus and Jocasta, of course, represent a sort of *ne plus ultra* to cultural anthropologist, tragedian and Freudian alike. The French have a fertile background of such affairs. Henry II took his father's mistress, Diane de Poitiers, when he was 17 and she 36. Balzac met his mistress, Madame de Berny, when he was 22 and she 44, and he remained with her for ten years. Sometimes the unions have been rather pathetic, as when Singer Edith Piaf, at 46, one year before her death, married a former Greek hairdresser more than 20 years younger. In modern France as well as elsewhere, older women and younger men tend to have affairs rather than marry. For one thing, the typical older woman is a divorcee and would forfeit alimony by remarriage. Numerous sages have extolled such liaisons on the familiar ground that older women provide an invaluable education, and are more interesting both intellectually and sexually than any ingénue or debutante. "Boys and girls should leave each other alone," declares Author Stephen Vizinczey (*In Praise of Older Women*). "Trying to make love with someone who is as unskilled as you are seems to me about as sensible as learning to drive with a person who doesn't know the first thing about cars either." Besides, as Benjamin Franklin remarked in a letter urging a young friend to seek the companionship of older women, "They are so grateful!"

When it comes to men and girls, though, what December sees in May is fairly obvious, but what does May see in December? Christmas, wags answer; and not even the most romantic would deny that money and marriage are often intertwined. Still, today's unions of old and young seem to involve more than sex or cash. As women grow more emancipated and financially independent, the necessity of marrying older men is disappearing. Now the considerations are more psychological and esthetic. It is a commonplace that some young girls turn to older men in a psychological quest for their lost fathers. Some men resent this thought, but they should not; it is, after all, one of the chief factors they have going for them.

The older man, often fighting clear of a wrecked marriage, typically hopes that a young bride will restore some of his waning sexuality and lost youth. Sexually, at least, he may be sadly mistaken. Many cases indicate that while a man's potency can be dramatically stimulated for a few months by an affair with a younger woman, he will usually revert to the same pattern he had maintained with his coeval wife. According to Sociologist Clark Vincent, on the other hand, there is more likelihood of serious differences in sexual appetite among coevals than among May-December couples. Vincent's theory, however, has yet to be verified.

WILLIAM & CATHEEN DOUGLAS

NANCY &



How well do marriages of noncontemporaries generally work? Some, of course, are disastrous. Dr. Paul Popenoe, president of the American Institute of Family Relations, cites the case of a middle-aged woman who married a man ten years her junior. She rapidly worked herself into such a frenzy of jealousy over her younger husband that Popenoe eventually advised the man to leave the country immediately. Instead, he stayed with his wife. Six months later she murdered him and killed herself.

So far, there is little evidence suggesting that old-young marriages are any more fatal than conventional alliances. But many experts, such as Sociologist James Peterson, are pessimistic about the whole business. "As the man ages," says Peterson, "he tends to withdraw, while she is active and vigorous and still wants to go. If he dies, even though they might have been happy, there is the problem of premature widowhood, especially if there were no children." U.C.L.A. Psychiatrist Ralph Greenson agrees: "Either the man does not live long, or after a while they find that they do not have much in common. Besides, she has missed the opportunity of dealing with her peers."

Others argue that in marriages across the generation gap, there is often so little genuine communication that each partner treats the other as a sort of exotic object. But such psychological distancing may be very valuable. It frequently breeds a courtesy and romantic regard that in a marriage of contemporaries disappears under a mound of unpaid bills and diapers.

Improving with Age

May-December defenders consider the pessimists obtuse and oblivious of the record. For one thing, the men who marry younger women these days are generally marked by conspicuous success or at least a mature sense of their own character; and those qualities go far toward cementing marriage. Humphrey Bogart married Lauren Bacall when he was 45 and she 20. Said he: "The mature man is more experienced. He has read more books, seen more of the world. He knows how to court a woman. He has learned the hundred little courtesies that make her happy she is a woman."

Actress Hayley Mills, now 22, spent her childhood and adolescence being tomboy or saccharine in films like *Tiger Lily* and *Pollyanna*. For the past two years, she has been living with Producer Roy Boulting, 55. "I could never fall in love with anyone unless first I had enormous admiration for him," she says. "I never met a young man of my own age for whom I had this feeling." Joanna Steichen was 26 when she married Photographer Edward Steichen, who was 80. That was nine years ago, and Mrs. Steichen says she has never regretted it. "In many ways," she observes, "the girls in such marriages want very much to conform, once they've done this nonconforming." Joanna is unusually honest about her marriage: "They—we—always marry great achievers. They are attracted to them by fear that they—won't accomplish much on our own. If you marry an ordinary slob, do it while you're young and innocent. But to marry an older man, he must be marvelous. A good man improves with age." Joanna is also quite clear-eyed about her motives: "Every young girl who marries an older man has certain well-developed areas of insecurity. There is an element of not wanting to take a chance and doubting one's own judgment. When you marry an older man, you see what kind of man he is, and will be."

How must one age treat another in a May-December marriage? Carefully, very carefully. Sometimes after the first ex-

citement has dissipated, an older man realizes how young and unformed his bride's character is, and how much she is sacrificing, deliberately or not, in the way of normal development among her contemporaries. Such husbands must often assume a fatherly role in encouraging their wives' interests and education. Bing Crosby, who was 53 in 1957 when he married Kathy Crosby, then 23, encouraged his wife's careers as an actress and a nurse. Justice Douglas has been quietly protective in introducing his young Oregon wife to Washington's intimidating society. On the other hand, a young wife should not be unduly nervous about reminding her husband of their age difference—elaborately avoiding another set of tennis or politely yawning at 11 p.m. Most older men will only react by trying doubly hard to prove how young they are, sweating it out on the tennis court or discothequeing it away past their bedtime.

In fact, such marriages often seem to work almost precisely because of the age differences. Eighty-seven-year-old Pablo Picasso's evident contentment with his wife Jacqueline, 43, might have been impossible in his younger years. If Charlie Chaplin had married Oona O'Neill when he was 30 or 35, it probably would not have lasted a year. Instead, he married her in 1943 at a mellow 54, when she was 18, and the marriage, with eight children, has been prolific and apparently serene. "My security and stability with Charlie," Oona has said, "stem from the difference in years between us. Provided that the partners are suited, such a marriage is founded on a rock. The man's character is formed, his life shaped." There is no generalizing on the subject, however. Pablo Casals, 92, takes an almost childlike pleasure in his wife Maria, more than 50 years his junior. T. S. Eliot felt that his marriage at 68 to a woman 39 years his junior helped him mature. When he turned 70, the mellowing poet declared: "I'm just beginning to grow up."

Need for Renewals

Regardless of age, many (perhaps most) marriages would seem ill-advised if not maniacal, could they be considered passionately in advance. Most May-December marriages thus considered look even worse. Yet there is no evidence that they turn out any worse than most unions—and possibly they work a lot better. Older men, for example, are no longer obsessed by their careers, and are much less likely to become obsessed with other young women. They are more indulgent; and besides, with them a woman is much less conscious of her own aging. Above all, the old and young partners are generally apt to consider their marriages more thoroughly beforehand than coevals might.

At least in absolute figures, the number of May-December marriages is bound to rise. More and more older men are divorced each year, and many will seek partners younger than their former wives. Until now, an implicit criticism has always been that such marriages somehow violate the natural order; the common reaction has been that the marriages are disreputable—"Freudian," or that the husband is some sort of Lolita-chasing Humbert. As such marriages increase in visibility, however, it will probably become clear that neither reaction is necessarily just. There are obvious perils. Yet these should perhaps be balanced against the need for emotional renewals, a sense of possibility and experiment rather than mere resignation to the inevitable. A maxim has it that it is "better to be an old man's darling than become a young man's slave." At the same time, it may sometimes be better to be a young woman's darling than an old woman's curmudgeon.

STROM THURMOND

HAYLEY MILLS & ROY BOULTING

JOANNA & EDWARD STEICHEN

PABLO & MARTA CASALS



EDUCATION

Spring of Discontent

It was the first full week of the spring semester on many campuses, and students responded to the symbolic change of seasons by provoking a spate of violent clashes with authorities. Almost everywhere, the "confrontations," as the students like to call them, were precipitated by the now familiar demands of black students and their white sympathizers. They were asking for segregated student facilities, more courses in black culture, more black students and teachers, and a greater voice in the hiring and firing of faculty. Even where efforts are being made to meet their demands, they are still unsatisfied. In some cases, uncompromising campus militants seem more interested in disorganizing college administrations than in reorganizing curriculums. Often, they are succeeding. And school authorities and government officials, for the most part, are taking an increasingly hard-line approach to the student rebels. Items:

► At the University of Wisconsin in Madison, National Guardsmen were called in to restore order after black students and their allies had disrupted classes for three days. "The university will not be closed down," flatly declared Governor Warren P. Knowles, who first sent in 900 troopers, then dispatched another 1,000 the next day as the number of rebels grew from 1,500 to 5,000 overnight. Using clubs, tear gas and bayonets, the Guardsmen and police dispersed numerous bands of student strikers; 21 students were arrested. Determined not to give in to student demands for a voice in faculty appointments and amnesty for all demonstrators

—past, present and future—Chancellor H. Edwin Young vowed that the troops will remain "as long as needed." But at week's end, he announced that they would be withdrawn for "tonight, Saturday, Sunday and forever"—provided there were no new disturbances.

► At Duke University in Durham, N.C., some 70 members of the Afro-American Society seized the ground floor of the administration building, dubbed it the "Malcolm X Liberation School" and held it for ten hours. Their principal desire: a black-studies program similar to those being started at Harvard, Yale and other Northern schools. When university officials finally gave the students one hour to vacate the building or face criminal prosecution, the rebels abandoned their sit-in. But just as it seemed that violence had been avoided by the administration's firmness, a 90-minute brawl erupted between police, the black protesters and 1,000 white student supporters. After tear gas and clubs failed to break up the demonstration, the police departed under a fusillade of insults. By then, three dozen students and police had been injured; five people, four of them Duke students, were arrested. Governor Robert W. Scott quickly placed the North Carolina National Guard on alert.

► At City College of New York, 100 members of an organization that calls itself "The Black and Puerto Rican Student Community" angrily spurned what C.C.N.Y. President Buell G. Gallagher called "affirmative answers to all their demands," occupied the administration building, broke into Gallagher's office



POLICE IN ACTION AT BERKELEY
The time for generosity is over.

and sampled his private stock of liquor. Despite the provocations, C.C.N.Y. officials tried the tactic of ignoring the demonstrators, and it worked—for the moment. After four hours, the students left.

► At the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, students tried several ways of disrupting the campus. About 200 of them, led by members of Students for a Democratic Society, staged a "grovel-in" in the driveway of University President David D. Henry's house and read off a list of grievances including an appeal for more black students and a condemnation of the school's "white racist" policies. The students also tried to tie up telephone lines to administrative offices and to book appointments with campus officials in an effort to keep them too busy to perform their jobs. Nonetheless, Illinois was able to hold classes on schedule.

► At Roosevelt University in Chicago,



DUKE DEMONSTRATORS BEING GASSED



SHOWDOWN AT WISCONSIN

Sometimes more interested in disorganization than reorganization.



If you're looking for a blast, or a
belt, or a bomb, this isn't it.
A fine Scotch—like Ballantine's—
is a civilized drink.
It doesn't assault you.
It comes over to your side. A bit
of quiet comfort in the middle of
a screaming world.
No wonder the Scots invented it.



Let's assume I'm an Island.

I've got the bluest waters in the world.

Beaches like cream colored silk.

Great big romantic hotels.

And all around me, I've got sleek white yachts with rich men inside.

I'm New Providence Island, Nassau.

Just 2½ hours from Times Square
and that's what I call conveniently located.

700 Bahama Islands

BAHAMA ISLANDS TOURIST OFFICE, 100 SOUTH BISCAYNE BOULEVARD, MIAMI, FLORIDA

black students dramatized the usual list of demands by taking over classes in psychology, political science and literature from regular teachers and delivering their own black-oriented lectures. After meeting with the dissidents, Dean of Students Lawrence Silverman announced that he had negotiated a truce, but the students evidently felt otherwise. They sent Silverman a note declaring their intention to continue disrupting classes "by any means necessary," then made good their threat by taking over a history class the very next day. Having warned them that further disruptions could lead to expulsion, Silverman must now prepare to take action against the defiant students.

► At Berkeley, members of the Third World Liberation Front, which is composed of blacks, Mexican Americans, Chinese Americans and other racial minorities, extended their strike for an autonomous college of ethnic studies into a third week. Though the university has not been seriously disrupted by the strikers so far, the daily campus demonstrations mounted to new violence last week as police battled students near Sather Gate. Thirty-five people were arrested on charges of obstructing a public thoroughfare, bringing the total number of arrests made during the strike to 75. With T.W.L.F. leaders committed to accepting no compromise, no immediate end to the dispute was in prospect.

Nothing that U.S. students did last week, however, quite measured up to what happened north of the border at Sir George Williams University in downtown Montreal. There, students protesting alleged racism on the part of a young white biology teacher climaxed a 13-day occupation of the school's computer center by turning it into a shambles. They started a major fire in the building, littered the street with a blizzard of blank punch cards, and, like latter-day Luddites, demolished the two computers with axes. Riot police broke through barricades and arrested 97 people, but not before the rioters had done more than \$2,000,000 of damage, twice the previous record for destruction of property, which was set only last month by radicals at Tokyo University.

Whether or not the final rampage in Montreal was provoked by the arrival of police, the damage was clearly out of all proportion to the grievances, real or imagined. Said Acting Principal Douglass Clarke: "The time for generosity is over." Clarke said he intends to press charges against the rebels, who have been booked for half a dozen kinds of conspiracy and are being held without bail. "Painful as the task may be," Clarke explained, "the university has the duty to see that academic freedom is preserved and that no one is permitted to threaten or destroy its functions." If tried and convicted, the rioters—28 of whom are not even students at Sir George Williams—could receive prison sentences stretching from five years to life.



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after time.





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Saturn 5's next launch assignment is to send Apollo 9, shown at left on its pad at Cape Kennedy, on its earth-orbit mission, scheduled for later this month.

Saturn 5's Boeing-built first stage is 138 feet high. It generates 7.5 million pounds of thrust to lift the 30-story-high Apollo/Saturn moon rocket on its way. On schedule.

In all, some 10,000 Boeing people participate in the Apollo-Saturn 5 program. In addition to building the first-stage booster, Boeing integrates the entire Saturn 5 with the Apollo command, service and lunar modules, and supports NASA during actual launch operations. Boeing also provides technical integration and evaluation assistance on Apollo.

BOEING

THE THEATER



DELL IN "ADAPTATION"



SHORE AND COCO IN "NEXT"

NEW PLAYS

A Lovely Couple

Elaine May is a corrosively perceptive satirist with a mean comic punch. Her off-Broadway one-act *Adaptation*, the first of a double bill completed by Terrence McNally's *Next*, makes one laugh till it hurts, partly because the ache of recognition is in every line and situation. She has the wit to see that if Pavlov's dogs salivated at the tinkle of bells signifying food, modern man is not so very different. He salivates at psychological flash cards marked Emotional Maturity, Identity Crisis, Making a Commitment, as well as at traditional cues for action such as Education, Work, Love, Marriage, Family, Success.

The play is cleverly staged like a TV contest game. The game, of course, is life, and the unflinchingly ironic viewpoint of *Adaptation* is that life is a game played on as well as by the contestant. The four actors play many roles: parent, child, teacher, psychologist, husband, wife, in a fiendishly swift journey through the seven ages of man. As a buzzer sounds, the contestants hop from one huge checkerboard square to another. A games master indicates roles, crises and situations, and penalties or bonuses are meted out. The play is a running spoof on psychoanalytical jargon, which has become the emotional pidgin English of the day.

The humor is as contemporary as the minute hand on a watch. For example, the hero is about to enter college. His father asks him what he intends to major in. The boy replies, "Hotel management," since he dreams of running his own hotel. The father says that he too had had a dream, that of owning a liquor store, but it had

never come true. He cautions the boy that he must be realistic and have something solid to fall back on. Replies the boy: "I'm minoring in cinema, Dad."

Miss May has apparently been majoring in stagecraft. As the neophyte director of her own play, she shows herself to be an accomplished pro, with a crisp and zany comic flair. From Gabriel Dell, the hero who plays the adaptation game from birth to death, she elicits a performance that is laugh- and letter-perfect. Expressions cross his face like clouds scudding across the sky: hope, bewilderment, apprehension, chagrin, humiliation, and wild fleeting moments of joy. It is the year of the loser, on and off Broadway: Dustin Hoffman in *Jimmy Shine*, Woody Allen in *Play It Again, Sam* (see below), Gabriel Dell is the most endearing loser of them all. The rest of the cast act with infinite finesse to make *Adaptation* coruscatingly funny.

Draped in the Flag. While Terrence McNally's *Next* does not have quite the dazzle of *Adaptation*, it, too, is richly comic and McNally's best play to date. At an antispectically bleak Army induction center, a potential draftee (James Coco) appears for his physical examination. He is fortyish, fat, balding, and obviously the victim of some computer error. Nonetheless, his examiner (Elaine Shore), a squat female vergeant of stony mien and rigid devotion to the Army manual, proceeds with the examination. In a sequence of mounting hilarity, the thoroughly discomfited Coco is forced to strip down. The apex of comic modesty is reached when Coco tries to avoid total exposure by draping himself in the American flag.

This is followed by an inquisitorial barrage of absurd personal questions

that might have been dreamed up in a collaboration between Kafka and Ionesco. After this humiliation, Coco turns on his impassive tormentor in a tirade that is pitiful but disruptive, the only flaw—and a slight one—in an otherwise memorable production. Giving an enormously resourceful performance, James Coco is a kind of vulnerable pixy: he can bare every scar on his psyche and yet coyly tease a line the way a hairdresser teases a curl.

The Compleat Neurotic

When menaced by a revolver-brandishing intruder in his new play, Woody Allen implores, "Don't pull the trigger. I'm a bleeder!" Though no shot is fired, *Play It Again, Sam* is riddled with laughs. Apart from being a hemophiliac, Allen's latest hero, Allan Felix, is an exposed ganglion of neuroses, guilts and self-recriminations. He looks like a wilted scarecrow that would cringe at a sparrow's chirp. He has so many psychological hang-ups that he makes playgoers feel positively healthy, which may be why they tend to love him.

Allan Felix's problem in the play is that no one seems to love him. His wife has just left him. He is too inept to cook even a frozen TV dinner, though he does relish licking it. His best friend (Anthony Roberts) and his best friend's wife (Diane Keaton) round up several miniskirted cuties for him, but nothing happens. Even in his fantasies, girls reject him.

One fantasy hero does not reject him—Humphrey Bogart. Bogey (Jerry Lacy) coaches him. Result: he ends up in bed with his best friend's wife. More guilt, more self-recrimination. Too much guilt of the same, perhaps, for the play does not properly progress along with the evening. However, it is amusement enough to have Woody Allen's kooky angle of vision, his nimble jokes and his woefully unconfident presence.

FRANK BRADY



ALLEN & ONE OF HIS FANTASIES
Cringing at a sparrow's chirp.

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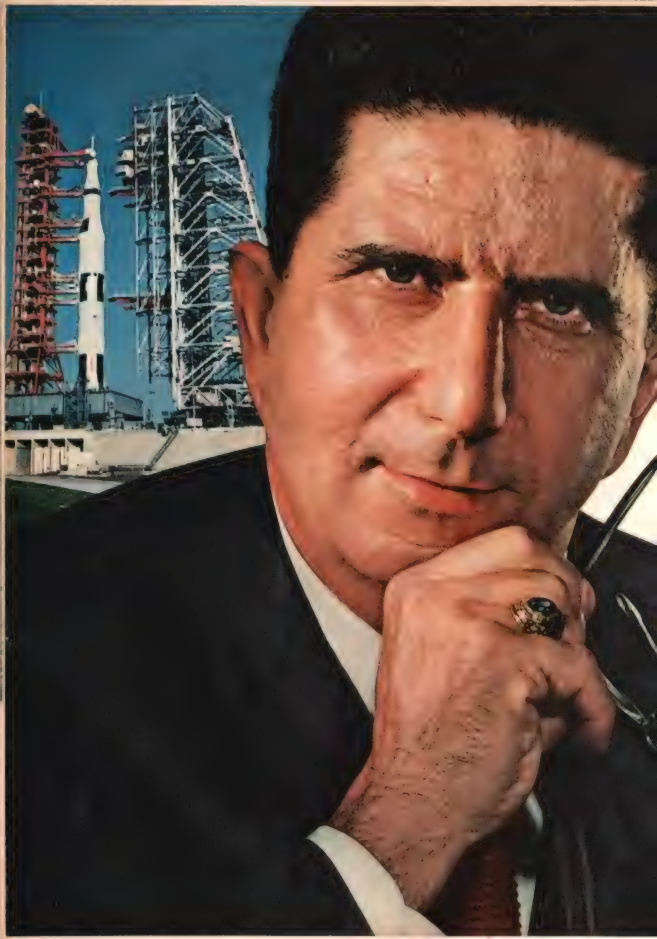
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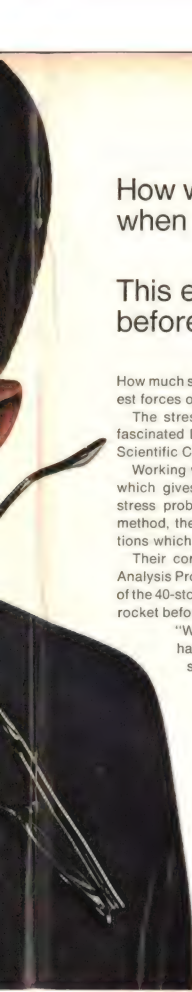
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Their computer program is called FRAN (Framed Structure Analysis Program). A typical example of its use was in the design of the 40-story tower which services the gantry-held Saturn Apollo rocket before a launch.

"Without a computer," says Dr. Vitagliano, "it would have taken an engineer about 17 years to analyze the stresses the tower would be subjected to. Using FRAN and a computer, an accurate analysis was made in an hour and a half."

**IBM**

Constant innovation has been a way of life in the computer business from its beginning less than two decades ago. Dr. Vincent Vitagliano is one of the many men and women who help bring these advances to more people every day.

At 6:04 last night, Mrs. Walter Russell started Polyunsaturating her entire family

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MODERN LIVING

No Way Out, No Way Back

WHAT will it be like, at the finish?

In *Weekend*, French Film Maker Jean-Luc Godard foresees the end of the world as an immense traffic jam. Stanley Kubrick sees the men of 2001 as murder victims of a machine they have made more clever than themselves.

Or consider this scenario: The people are thrown together against their wills, trapped in colossal, modernistic buildings on a landscape devoid of trees. The lights are always lit. Pavement stretches everywhere. Cars and buses and trains and aircraft are useless; there is no way out. No darkness. No silence. No beds. No escape from an endless series of broadcast announcements, no avoiding the silly, circular games of other people's children. There are queues for food, queues for asking questions, queues for liquor—and finally queues for nothing, because there is nothing left. Then there is only boredom, and the debris of boredom. Dirty glasses, old newspapers, crumpled cigarette packs. Even the people are debris. Women wander aimlessly, their hair frazzled, their makeup so streaked that their faces look as if they are melting. Men in rumpled suits, with three days' growth of beard, slump in chairs staring at the message boards that bear no messages.

Packaged and Shipped. Perhaps it will all begin with a simple and foreseeable act of God—say a heavy snowstorm in New York City. There, last week, at the world's largest international airport, the scenario came true. Even at its best, an airport terminal seems inhuman—a monstrous machine disguised as a building and designed to process people and baggage. To the machine, there is no difference between men,

women, children, suitcases, pets. All are collected, screened according to route, classified by status, divided into units of the right size, packaged in aircraft—and shipped. When 17 inches of drifting snow clogged the runways and access roads of John F. Kennedy airport, 6,000 people were forced to exist inside nine broken machines. And, because of the incredible slowness of Mayor John Lindsay's snow-removal machinery, they were prisoners there for three days.

For Michael Rogers, a student headed back to Georgia's Oglethorpe College, the ordeal began shortly after 10 a.m. Sunday, when he telephoned Eastern Airlines to check on its 11:25 a.m. flight to Atlanta. Assured that the flight would depart with "a slight delay despite the snow," Michael drove to the airport and checked into the Eastern terminal at 11 a.m.—only to discover that the flight had been canceled. He was still there 56 hours later. Thousands of other travelers were similarly misled by the airlines, which, out of either optimism or greed, led them to believe that planes were still taking off. American Airlines waited until 2 p.m. on Sunday to announce the indefinite cancellation of all future flights, although all outgoing planes had officially been grounded since 10 a.m. Eastern waited until 9:30 p.m. Sunday to announce that no flight would leave until at least noon of the next day.

Crash Pad. Passengers kept pouring into all the major terminals, only to find that the snow had left no way out and no way back. Three people never even made it to a terminal: they were found in their car in Parking Lot No. 4,

dead of carbon-monoxide poisoning. As the snow kept falling and drifting, it gradually dawned on everyone in the terminals that they were completely stranded. Airline officials struggled to provide minimal creature comforts. That is, some struggled. Trans World Airlines turned out 11,500 meals and 18,500 snacks in two days. TWA's clamshell terminal building, designed by the late Eero Saarinen, proved more adequate than most as a crash pad; the decorative red carpets in its gateway tunnels made comfortable mattresses for weary refugees. The airline also converted one of its planes into a movie theater, showing three films continuously from 10 a.m. to midnight on Monday to 142 passengers at a time.

At the Pan American building, where there are no carpets, passengers stretched out wherever they could—behind ticket counters, on luggage carts, even on the huge steel turntables in the baggage area. "Everybody is taking advantage of us," complained Frank Russomanno, a salesman from San Francisco. "The cafeteria is overcharging. The airline is not considering the people—especially the children. There are 1,000 children here, and they haven't done anything for them. They should have organized games. Or something."

Eastern Airlines had only 500 blankets for 1,500 people; when a father managed to get hold of four—one for each of his children—an Eastern official demanded them back for his agents' use (the father refused). A few passengers found their way to the employees' cafeteria in the basement, and stole food. As they crossed the terminal with loaded trays, they became an increasing source of frustration to 500 others who stood in line for five hours one night, only to be finally turned away. The restaurant manager blamed the foul-up on passengers who refused to give up their seats inside, even when



SLEEPING ON A WALKWAY AT TWA



REFUGEES FROM STORM IN AIRLINE'S MAIN WAITING ROOM

It ends not with a trip but a traffic jam.

Button up your overcoat
when the wind is free.
Take Contac for your cold.
You belong to me,
Andrew.



The 600 "tiny time pills" in each capsule
will take good care of your cold for up to 12 hours.
And the sooner your cold gets Contac, the better.
It's at your pharmacy.

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they had finished eating. "Some stayed for three days," he said. "They did their laundry and hung it on chairs. They refused to go." Go where?

More Chaos. A few passengers did have enough pull—or gall—to escape. One with pull was Chris Craft Chairman Herbert J. Siegel, who was stranded at the Eastern terminal while awaiting a flight to Acapulco. Siegel called Manhattan Publicist Tex McCrary, who in turn phoned Pro Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle. They managed to commandeer a helicopter that was originally chartered to CBS-TV news. It took McCrary half an hour to locate Siegel after the helicopter landed on the Eastern runway; by the time they got back to the 'copter, three strangers—with gall—were placidly settled in its



STRANDED CHILDREN AT PAN AMERICAN
Queues for everything—and then nothing.

seats. They refused to get off, so the pilot had to fly them to Manhattan and return for Siegel three hours later.

Not until almost 10 a.m. Tuesday did planes again fly out of Kennedy. By then, though, an airport access road had been plowed—creating even more chaos: it poured a stream of new travelers with reservations on Tuesday flights, who demanded that their tickets be honored. Airline agents explained that they would have to wait until stranded passengers had been cleared out—perhaps another 24 hours. Whereupon they clumped angrily out of the terminals, hailed cabs to return home, and encountered yet one more annoyance. Never noted for their resistance to temptation, taxi drivers were flagrantly gouging passengers, carrying six to a cab and charging \$20 a head for the ride into Manhattan—a total of \$120, or about \$113 over the legal metered fare. Quite a price to pay to get from one standard traffic jam to another.



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SPORT

BASKETBALL

The New York Intangibles

At New York's Madison Square Garden last week, a stylish terrier named Ch. Glamour Good News padded off with the best-in-show award at the annual Westminster Kennel Club show. In recent years the event usually meant bad news for the New York Knickerbockers. Invariably, some sportswriter would point out that once again the pooches drew more spectators to the Garden than did the Knicks, the dogs of the National Basketball Association.

But not this season. While last week's dog show played to a sedate audience of 8,000, the Knicks turned away at least that many ticket seekers three nights earlier, when they defeated the Baltimore Bullets, leaders in the N.B.A.'s Eastern Division, 106-100 before a sell-out crowd of 19,500. The difference is that the Knicks are now playing as though they were the top dogs in the league. As of last week, the streaking New Yorkers had won 19 straight games at home and 27 out of their last 31 starts.

Simple Shuffle. After the Baltimore game, reporters swarmed around Knick Forward Bill Bradley, apparently in the belief that only a former Rhodes scholar could articulate the secret of the team's success. "I've never seen a team pull together the way this one is now," said Bradley. "Pulling together isn't just an effort of will. The important thing is that we're getting to know one another—personally and in terms of the way we play." Injuries hurt the team but, preaches Bradley, "adversity tends to make a team pull together. Everyone thought we'd be down, crippled. That's where pride comes in. I admit I'm sort of a believer in intangibles."

Knick Coach Red Holtzman believes in tangibles, like the trade he made two months ago that sent Center Walt Bellamy and Guard Howard Komives to the Detroit Pistons for Forward Dave DeBusschere. At the time, the Knicks were fifth in the Eastern Division with an 18-17 record. Many of the team's troubles revolved around Bellamy, who slouched in the keyhole like a huge, 6-ft. 11-in. question mark, playing wonderfully one night and indifferently the next. DeBusschere's arrival allowed gangly Willis Reed to move from the corner to his old position at center, where he has performed inspiringly every night since, scoring at a rate of 25 points a game. With that simple shuffle, everything went click for the Knicks.

For Bradley, whose skimpy 8-point average was a major disappointment for the Knicks last season, everything is suddenly clicking on the scoreboard. The three-time Princeton All-America once said that the emphasis on shooting in the pros was "overdone." Bradley is now gunning from all angles, has

scored 20-plus points in four of the last seven games. Even so, the fact that not a single Knick is among the top-ten scorers in the league attests to Bradley's philosophy of the intangible.

The team's remarkable winning streak is a tough act to follow—even for a dog show. Nonetheless, as the new New York Intangibles closed to within three games of the front-running Bullets last week, they seemed bent on only one goal: winning the very tangible \$10,000 that would go to each player on the team that leads both divisions and wins the N.B.A. championship.

LEE BATEMAN



HULL WITH CURVED BLADE

HOCKEY

Day of the Banana Stick

During a practice session seven years ago, the Chicago Black Hawks' Stan Mikita split the flat, straight blade of his hockey stick into a haphazard V-shape. Without pausing to change sticks, Mikita continued playing and to his surprise found that he could rip off a shot faster and harder with his crooked cudgel. Soon he and Teammate Bobby Hull were warping the wooden blades of their sticks into scooplike curves by soaking them in hot water and wedging them under door jambs overnight.

Changing the Style. While some rival players scoffed at the "silly sticks," the fact that Mikita and Hull developed into the most potent one-two scoring combination in hockey induced many other pros to experiment with the new blades. Now more than half of the players in the National Hockey League are using the bowed blades, ranging from the slight bend favored by the Detroit Red Wings' Gordie Howe

to the severe 14-in. hook of Mikita's "banana stick." The innovation, comparable to the introduction of fiber-glass poles in pole vaulting or metal rackets in tennis, has revved up the pace of hockey and changed the entire style of play.

The New York Rangers' Rod Gilbert, for example, explains that from his right-wing position "with a straight stick and a fast play the shot will slide off my stick like a golfer's slice. But with the curved stick I can hold the puck a second longer, have better control when I fake the goalie, and then whip it into the corner with the left-hand spin and know it won't trail off." Other players say that the sickle stick helps them to scoop the puck off the boards and, by cradling it inside the curve, shield it from the goalie's vision. This new-found control, which is roughly similar to that afforded by the lacrosse stick or the jai-alai *cesta*, has worked wonders for such so-so scorers as Ranger Vic Hadfield, who has already scored more goals this season than he has in seven previous seasons in the N.H.L.

The biggest advantage of the new sticks, though, is what Bobby Hull calls "the element of surprise. I can pull the puck in and shoot it all in one motion before the goaltender knows I'm shooting. The hook hugs the puck, and I can get a little action on it. It'll drop or rise, and I know which way it's going by the way I follow through."

Shots of Spectators. Though Hull swears by the curved sticks, more than a few players swear at them. The "little action" Hull refers to is a certain spin given to the puck that makes it dip-syndrome through the air like a knuckleball, fluttering and dropping as much as 18 in.—at 100-plus m.p.h. For the hapless goalie, says Toronto Maple Leaf Coach Punch Imlach, fielding these unguided missiles is "like standing up at the plate while a baseball pitcher without control throws dust-off pitches at your head."

The Los Angeles Kings' Wayne Rutledge says that "the big curve should be outlawed, and goalies should go on strike to see that it's done." In lieu of that, Chicago's Dave Dryden feels that at the very least goalies should be equipped with their own curved sticks. "That way," he says ruefully, "we can fire the puck back at them."

Last year the N.H.L. passed a rule restricting the curvature of the sticks to 14 in., but Detroit's Roger Crozier says that that is not enough. "One of these nights," he warns, "somebody's going to be hurt bad—and it won't necessarily be a goalkeeper." In a recent N.H.L. game in Toronto, he notes, 40 shots left the ice and hurtled into the crowd. By contrast, in a match the following night between the Canadian Nationals and the touring Soviet national hockey team, which uses only flat-bladed sticks, only three shots went astray. Nonetheless, when the Russians flew home this month, they carried with them an ample stock of curved sticks.

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MEDICINE

The Plight of the U.S. Patient

American medicine is the best in the world.

MOST Americans take this statement as an article of faith—so long as they are in good health. Even when they have a bout of illness they feel, for the most part, that they are getting excellent care. But growing numbers of patients, the consumers of American medicine, are asking questions that range from mildly nagging to openly angry.

When the doctor was first called, why did he refuse to make a house call? Did he take too long in making the right diagnosis? Did he prescribe too many drugs before he knew what the real trouble was? Did he pick the right surgeon to operate? Were all those lab tests necessary? Did the surgeon charge too much? Why does a hospital room cost \$60 a day, more than the fanciest resort hotel room? Why doesn't insurance cover more of those bills?

Ingenious and Amazing

These questions are asked each year by many of the 130 million Americans who pay 500 million visits to the doctor. For them, the doctors write a billion prescriptions for a total drug bill of some \$3.5 billion. Each year, 27 million Americans go into a general hospital, where they spend an average of 8.2 days and get a bill of \$530, about half of which is covered by insurance. The total cost of U.S. medical care is now \$53 billion a year—5.9% of the gross national product, or 7.5% of all personal income. These figures are far higher than those for other Western countries with at least equivalent quality of care.

Is the U.S. citizen getting a fair shake for his money? For an estimated 25% of the population, the answer is yes. For another 50%, medical care can be described as passable, but it is certainly not as good as it could and should be. For 25%, care is either inexcusably bad, given in humiliating circumstances,

or nonexistent. The breakdown is not simply by social stratum: the rich do not necessarily get the best care, nor the poor the worst. Says Dr. William H. Stewart, Surgeon General of the U.S. Public Health Service: "If even one American doesn't have access to a reasonable level of care, there's something wrong. And when millions don't, there's obviously something angry."

As befits a huge industry, U.S. medicine has an impressive plant, and many of its facilities are indeed outstanding. In research and medical technology, the U.S. amazes and leads the world. A newborn baby with a defective heart can probably get the best care at Manhattan's Lenox Hill Hospital, which operates an elaborate unit exclusively for pediatric cardiology. For surgery on such a baby's heart, U.S. surgeons are pre-eminent. So are the surgeons who operate on older patients' arteries. For trouble in the brain's arteries, researchers at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center have helped to develop a magnetic probe that will swim through the arterial labyrinth and tell the neurologist what he needs to know. At Harvard, surgeons practice knifeless surgery with a proton gun that destroys overactive tissue deep inside the skull. At Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary, ophthalmic surgeons turn patients upside down to let gravity help them in repositioning a detached retina.

Unhappily, such examples of American medical ingenuity do not make American medicine the world's best. They are available to only a few. The U.S. ranks 13th (behind several West European countries and faraway New Zealand) in infant mortality, and behind most of these countries in maternal mortality and death rates from heart-artery diseases and cirrhosis of the liver. The U.S. averages are pulled down largely by the poor health conditions of the blacks, other minorities and poor Southern whites.

Other comparisons are equally dis-

treasing. One involves disparities in the quality of medical care within the U.S., within states, cities, and between cities and rural communities. One man may get optimum care, while another who lives on the same street and enjoys the same access to medical facilities may be handled in wretched fashion. The greatest and least defensible gap of all is, in the words of Dr. Malcolm Peterson, chief of medical services at St. Louis City Hospital, "the wide disparity between the medicine that we know how to give and what we actually give. They're miles apart."

The Non-System

Why has American medicine failed to live up to its wondrous potential? The answer, says Dr. Philip Lee who was, until last week, top man for health in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is that the U.S. has no system for the delivery of medical care. To talk of the present system is ridiculous, he says, because it is a "non-system." What the U.S. has, according to Dr. Odin Anderson, of the University of Chicago's Center for Health Administration Studies, is a "pluralistic system" to match its pluralistic society.

The indirect but basic reason for this is that medicine is the only big business in which the ultimate consumer has no control over what he buys. The doctor prescribes the drug, for which the patient must pay, willy-nilly. He orders a hospital admission, and the patient rarely has any choice. The patient has no way of knowing whether he is getting good counsel from his family doctor, good drugs from his friendly pharmacist, good technical performance from his surgeon. For him, there is no Ralph Nader to blow the whistle on unethical practices. There is no ombudsman to represent him before some impartial tribunal. The tightly organized medical profession fends off any and all attacks from the outside, and in cases of complaints against any of its



LUXURY SUITE IN EVANSTON, ILL., HOSPITAL

The only big business in which the consumer has no control over what he buys.

members, sits as prosecutor, judge and jury. It is the rare patient who even tries to protest an obviously excessive doctor's bill."

Most U.S. physicians do not accept this bleak picture, and point to the undeniable excellence of medicine in many areas. Yet in many ways, the doctors themselves suffer from the lack of more rational organization in American medicine. For the most part dedicated and ingenious, they are usually overworked and harassed. They also have cause to complain of the patient's frequently faulty attitudes toward medical care. Some people, in all social strata, are simply afraid to admit that there is anything wrong with them; they put off seeking care until their disease is far advanced or even incurable. Some, especially among the poor and ill-educated, do not take advantage of care that is available to them. In a single borough of New York City, The Bronx, the infant death rate jumps 100% within five miles, going from north to south. The reason is sad but simple. The south-east Bronx is inhabited mainly by poor blacks and Puerto Ricans. Although excellent clinics are open for predelivery and infant care, it takes several hours and several 20¢ bus fares for a woman to avail herself of them and, lacking a babysitter, she probably has to drag her other children along with her. The northern Bronx is largely white, Jewish and health-oriented; there, women go routinely to their private physicians for the same services.

Most consumers of medical care—again, regardless of status—are "crisis-oriented," as are most of their doctors, virtually all hospitals, and most insur-

ance plans. Not only does this deny the nation the potential benefits of preventive medicine; it also denies the majority of patients orderly access to the care they need when they need it.

Even for the well-to-do and articulate citizen, getting such care involves an obstacle course. He is, in effect, challenged to take out the right kind of insurance, probably in his 20s or 30s, and certainly years before he expects to need it. Then he is challenged to find the right doctor. For none of these choices are there any reliable buyers' guides. At successive times in his health history, three major components of care—doctors, hospitals and insurance—will be simultaneously involved.

Twin Fetishes

Obviously, it is the doctor who should guide the patient through the bewildering health-care maze. Yet not enough U.S. doctors today are qualified to fill this role well, and the organization of the profession discourages it. With the discoveries of new and potent "wonder drugs"—insulin, the sulfas and antibiotics, new hormones and vaccines—each succeeding decade after the 1920s should have been a golden age of medicine. But medicine needed the understanding and compassion for the patient that had marked the old-style, unscientific family doctor. The American Medical Association, long the champion of improved medical practice, lost sight of the patient. It developed certain obsessions, seeing threats to its own and to every doctor's existence or financial well-being on every side. Among A.M.A. fetishes are "free choice of physician" and "fee for service."

The first means that the patient must not be locked into a system in which he will have a doctor assigned to him. He must have free choice of all the physicians in his area—if he can find one.

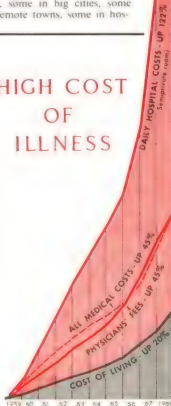
There must be no "third party" hiring doctors on salary and then charging patients for their services. For nearly three decades the A.M.A. was almost as strongly opposed to group practice, in which a number of physicians set up shop together and divide the fees collected from all their patients. The A.M.A. feared that this would prove to be a step toward socialized medicine.

The second principle does not mean simply that the doctor must be paid for his services, which is his obvious right. Rather, it means that he must be paid for each individual service, on the basis that U.A.W. President Walter Reuther aptly and contemptuously calls "piecemeal." It means that no doctor should offer lifetime care to a patient for a flat or annual fee, and thus rules out prepayment by an annual dues system. It means that when a patient goes into a hospital for an operation, he must pay the admitting doctor's bill, a separate surgeon's bill, a separate radiologist's bill for X rays and a separate anesthesiologist's bill.

The G.P.s and the Specialists

The A.M.A. has had only moderate success in choking back group practice and prepayment. Group practice is widespread, prepayment plans are growing, and there are numerous third parties in the medical complex. About 2,300 "multiple-specialty and general practice" groups have been formed, comprising 20,000 doctors, some in big cities, some in remote towns, some in hos-

HIGH COST OF ILLNESS



TIME Chart by M. Chapin

pitals or other large medical centers, some in a simple suite of doctors' offices.

By far the biggest and most successful group practice is Minnesota's famous Mayo Clinic, with 500 doctor-members. Most groups, with eight to a dozen members, comprise general practitioners or internists, pediatricians, obstetrician-gynecologists, a radiologist, a surgeon, an orthopedist and an ophthalmologist. The mix varies with local demand, but in each group a family doctor, the patient's first and continuing contact with the group, steers him to specialists as needed.

A Lifetime License

Year after year, the U.S. has fewer and fewer family doctors to do the steering. In 1930, G.P.s outnumbered specialists 70 to 30. Today the ratio is more than reversed, 21 to 79. The nation's medical schools have been increasingly geared to train specialists, and few graduates now go from internship into general practice.

Membership in a group practice, whether as G.P. or specialist, is no iron-clad guarantee that a doctor is outstanding. But at least it ensures that he talks to other doctors regularly and is exposed to some of the ferment in medicine. The 50 states' licensing laws, and the attitude of the A.M.A. and most other professional organizations, offer no such assurance. Theoretically, it would be possible for a man to have graduated from medical school at 25 in 1934, to have been licensed after a year's internship, and to have practiced as a G.P. ever since then without having heard a professional word about most of modern medicine. There is no requirement that he ever read a journal, attend a medical meeting or even talk to another doctor. In practice, of course, the doctor's sense of duty and the growing sophistication (or hypochondria) of the public impel him to keep up. But there is no mandatory continuing education, and there is no re-examination. There is no law limiting his practice to his competence. A G.P. could legally do a heart transplant, if he were foolhardy enough. A license is for life.* Only the American Academy of General Practice (with 31,000 members among the nation's 72,000 G.P.s) expels members who fail to take required refresher courses.

In most smaller cities and towns, virtually every physician is listed as "on the staff" of one or more local hospitals. This does not mean that he is paid by the hospital, and it tells nothing about his qualifications. It does mean that he is a member of the county medical society, has the privilege of admitting his patients to the hospital, and



CORRIDOR SCENE IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY HOSPITAL
Wide disparity between what is available and what is given.

is basically responsible for overall care thereafter. Many a big-city patient is denied this continuing contact with his own doctor. In New York City alone, some 5,000 physicians (close to one-third of the city's total) have no privileges at any voluntary hospital. They can either surrender their patient to the mercies of interns, residents and specialists who have never seen him before, or try to get him into a proprietary hospital, which will turn no one away if it has an empty bed.

Good, bad or indifferent, doctors are doing well financially. Their incomes have skyrocketed and approached escape velocity with the passage of Medicare and, for some states, Medicaid. In 1961, the average doctor, after office and other professional expenses, netted \$25,000. By 1965, it was up to \$28,000, and last year it reached \$34,000. Dr. Martin Cherkasky, the crusading director of New York's Montefiore Hospital, says that doctors have the consumer over a barrel because they are in such short supply and such great demand. The shortage was sedulously fostered by the A.M.A. for 30 years, beginning in the Great Depression and ending only in 1967, when it conceded that something must be done to increase the medical schools' output. "This shortage," Cherkasky says, "makes it impossible for society to deal with the medical profession. You're at their mercy."

Gross Mismanagement

The patient is also at the mercy of the hospitals. Which are the good ones? The nearest thing to a criterion, except for university affiliation, is whether a hospital is accredited by the Joint Commission on Accreditation of Hospitals, set up by the A.M.A., the American College of Surgeons, the American College of Physicians and the American Hospital Association. The U.S. has 5,850

general-care hospitals,* with 645,000 beds for medical and surgical patients, 82,000 for maternity cases. Of the 5,850, only 3,914 have received the cachet of accreditation. Each year there are about 1.5 million admissions to the unaccredited remainder. Worse, in Cherkasky's opinion, accreditation standards are so low as to be meaningless.

Hospitals are big business. Yet according to Jerome Pollack, professor of medical economics at Harvard Medical School, they are a prime example of gross mismanagement. Hospitals are run by boards of trustees, made up mostly of businessmen, who would never dream of running their own corporations the way they try to operate a hospital.

The first objective of most hospitals is to operate in the black. For generations, U.S. hospitals achieved this by paying little or nothing to interns, residents, student nurses and "nonprofessional" help. Social justice has caught up with the hospitals and found them totally unprepared. They have to pay interns and residents halfway decent salaries (\$9,000 to \$12,000 in some areas). What has hit them hardest is the demand of scrubwomen, kitchen help and janitors to be paid what is called a living wage. Most U.S. hospitals are grudgingly raising the pay of this nonprofessional help to \$1.60 an hour, though in New York and California the rates are nudging \$2.50 an hour.

With the reduction in shift hours and the demands of better care, the ratio of hospital personnel to patients has soared from about 145 employees per 100 patients to 260 per 100 in the

* Only 31 states reported revocation of license proceedings for 1967. These states had 469 cases in which 208 licenses were revoked. No fewer than 148 revocations were for non-payment of license fees. Violation of the narcotics laws, including self-addiction, with 13 cases, and abortion, with ten cases, were the only causes relating to medical practice.

* About 5,100 of them are operated as non-profit institutions and awkwardly called "voluntary"; the rest, concentrated in California, New York and Texas, are proprietary hospitals, frankly operated for profit. Excluded from these figures are all psychiatric and federally supported institutions.

past 20 years. With mounting labor costs, up go hospital room rates. Hospital administrators stand aghast at this; yet in all too many ways it is their own fault. Dr. Leona Baumgartner, a former health commissioner of New York City who is now at Harvard, can cite chapter and verse to show how hospitals have consistently lagged behind reality and then reacted in a "Who-me?" way. When the baby boom of the late 1940s was aborning, says Dr. Baumgartner, she got calls early every year asking for her forecast of the prospective birth rate—

from diaper services, baby-clothing makers and baby-food processors. "Would the hospitals call?" she asks rhetorically. "No! The doctors did nothing, and the hospitals did nothing to meet a predictable demand." It was the same, says Dr. Baumgartner, with the mandated wage increases: "They were caught flatfooted when the minimum-wage law was applied to them."

In a Madison Avenue spirit, hospitals play games with words. Blue Cross and most other insurers pay for a semiprivate room. In many hospitals, this

may turn out to be a room with four beds, making it a demi-semiprivate room.

Occupancy rates are as important to hospitals as to hotels. Counting the overhead, it may cost the hospital upwards of \$40 a day to maintain a semiprivate bed even when it is empty. It costs only about \$3 to \$5 a day more when the bed is occupied—that being the charge for the patient's meals. But an empty bed earns nothing, while an occupied bed earns dollars. Therefore, while virtually no surgery is performed on weekends, it is common practice to

Three Case Histories

Almost every American has his personal tale of woe about an encounter with a physician or hospital. Many, of course, also have tales of triumph—and those are usually the people whose lives have been saved by medical skill. Whether an American falls into one or the other category is often a matter of luck. These case histories, gathered from a sampling made this month by TIME reporters, sum up the experiences of three fairly typical patients.

JEWELL WHELAN, now 38, has had as much trouble with her doctors as with her gall bladder over a span of 16 years. Wife of a factory inspector in Compton, Calif., she complained of frequent chest pains in 1953, soon after the birth of her second child. The pains came after meals, but each time they were gone by the time she got to the doctor's. "Indigestion," said he, and prescribed a bland diet. So it went until 1957. Dissatisfied, Jewell Whelan then changed doctors and saw her new practitioner four times a year. All that he prescribed for her pain was the bland diet. Still not satisfied, Mrs. Whelan changed doctors again in 1967 and got the same treatment, or lack of it.

Early last October, Jewell Whelan was in such pain that she demanded a thorough workup. First came an office visit at \$7, with a blood count and urinalysis for \$9.90. A second office visit included X rays of the upper gastrointestinal tract and gall bladder, for \$60.50, and a second gall-bladder series cost \$22. Of the \$106.40 total, her comprehensive John Hancock insurance paid all but \$12.88. Mrs. Whelan had put her foot down just in time. The X rays disclosed an inflamed gall bladder with numerous stones.

Lacking confidence in her third doctor, Mrs. Whelan sought a good general surgeon. He could not schedule an examination for two days. During the second night, Mrs. Whelan vomited green bile. The surgeon could not be reached, so James Whelan had to call in the last physician. He sent Jewell Whelan to a proprietary hospital, where she was given a shot to kill her pain and sent home. Next morning, with week-old X rays in hand, she finally saw her surgeon. One look at the films and he rushed her to Long Beach Memorial Hospital.

Next morning, out came her gall bladder, with two large stones and a quantity of floating "gravel," which may have explained her persistent chest pain. "The interns told me mine was the hottest gall bladder they had ever seen," says Jewell Whelan. But after eight days, she went home and is now well. The bill: hospital room and board, \$360; TV and phone, \$8; other hospital costs (lab fees, X rays, operating room, etc.), \$265.90; anesthesiologist, \$115; surgeon's fee, \$400; surgeon's assistant, \$80; office visits to surgeon, \$40. Total, \$1,260.90, of which insurance will cover all but \$155.

Blood on the Floor

Leah Edwards, 10, daughter of a Houston equipment company manager, began having backaches last summer and found urination painful. Leah was taken to Tidelands General Hospital, where a week of tests showed that over a period of years her kidneys had been deteriorating and

one was almost useless. Because of a defect in the ureters, her urine was not being passed out directly through the bladder but was backing up into the kidneys. A specialist recommended palliative medication for an indefinite period at \$35 a week as an alternative to surgery.

But Leah's mother Charlene Edwards, who works as a grocery-store checker—when she is not in the hospital herself—decided that the family could not afford such drug bills and opted for surgery. "Leah was in a semiprivate room at old Texas Children's Hospital with two other children," says Mrs. Edwards, "but there was only one chair and no facilities for the children's parents. Blood was often spilled on the floor and left there for days. But the doctors and nurses were kind and attentive, and I guess in a way we've been lucky—that kind of operation has been done for only twelve years."

While Leah is doing well, the Edwards' finances are not. Despite Blue Cross, they have to find \$800 for Leah's medical and surgical bills, and they expect a \$600 bill for Mrs. Edwards, who had another operation last week.

One Out of Four

Clyde L. Anderson, 51, grew up in Salt Lake City. A spare (125 lbs.) 5 ft. 7 in., he did well in competitive sports, and carried his competitiveness into business—since 1953 as sales manager for radio station KNAK. "Andy" Anderson smoked three packs a day. Seven years ago, when he was feeling below par but had nothing specific wrong, a friend suggested that he see Dr. Irving Ersler. Half time in the University of Utah's Department of Preventive Medicine, Ersler takes private patients on contract to provide all their physician's (not surgeon's) care for \$150 a year.

On the Sunday night of the Labor Day weekend in 1967, Andy was getting ready for bed when a sharp pain struck his left arm. "It was unbelievable pain," he says, "and I knew I was in trouble. I knew Irving was up at his weekend cabin. My wife called him, then drove me to the hospital." At the Latter-Day Saints Hospital, an intern ordered an electrocardiogram. Its evidence of a coronary occlusion was printed out when Ersler arrived, only 20 minutes later.

Anderson had a rough night. Although he was soon given heart-lung resuscitation, his heart stopped four times. Then Ersler and Thoracic Surgeon Russell Nelson took him to the operating room, and there, through a vein in his arm, they put in a pacemaker. Says Ersler: "His heart stopped twice while we were putting the pacemaker in. Once we got it in, we were in control." Anderson made a good recovery in four weeks. When he was leaving the hospital, a nurse wishing him goodbye said: "You were one of four cardiacs they brought in that night, and they thought they would save the others but lose you. Instead, they lost all the others and saved you." Says Anderson: "I haven't been sick a day since." (He no longer smokes.) Anderson was fortunate because he had a personal physician who knew all about him and got to a modern, properly equipped hospital within minutes to care for him.

admit surgery patients on Friday. That keeps the bed filled, profitably for the hospital, until Sunday, when the patient gets his first dose of medicine to prepare him for Monday's workup in preparation for Tuesday's operation.

Much more that is done to the patient in the hospital is scheduled with no consideration for him. What the medical staff intends as superefficiency seems, by the time it explodes around the patient, merely frenetic, and is highly discomforting. "They woke me up to give me a sleeping pill" may be an apocryphal complaint. But it is still common practice to awaken a patient at 4 a.m. in order to feed him one of his countless, multicolored pills, and perhaps again an hour or two later for a thermometer reading or a hypodermic shot. These universal complaints, though seemingly petty, are symptomatic of the depersonalized atmosphere of too many hospitals. Equally distressing is the noise, which makes sleep or even rest far too difficult.

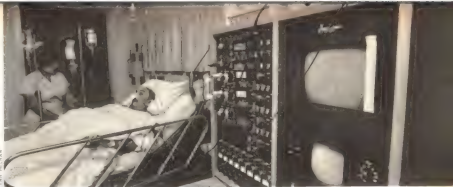
Motels and Half-Way Houses

With rare exceptions, every community hospital is an empire in itself. Its medical and surgical staffs demand—and get—costly equipment and facilities for their exclusive use, regardless of whether another hospital down the block already has them lying idle two-thirds of the time. In Miami, the VA hospital has a \$100,000 linear accelerator for the radiation treatment of cancer, but Cedars of Lebanon Hospital is installing its own. Neither will be used at anywhere near capacity. At "hospital corners" in Los Angeles, on North Vermont Avenue and Sunset and Beverly Boulevards, are four cobalt-60 radiation units, also for cancer, where one, or at most two, would do.

Hospital planners have been arguing for years that the crisis-care hospital for the acutely ill patient is only one part of the complex that is needed. There should be, they say, a motel-type unit to which a man can drive his own car when he goes in for a checkup, where he can live like a healthy human being and go to the cafeteria for his meals, merely following his doctor's diet instructions. At the other end of the line, there should be a halfway house for patients not quite ready to go home, who still need some, but not 24-hour, nursing care, and who can fend for themselves in a dining room. The planners have not proved very persuasive. Hospital administrators give lip service to the idea, but little more.

Countless hospitals have been and still are being built in the wrong places for the wrong reasons. Under the Hill-Burton Act of 1946, any hamlet could raise matching funds to get itself a tiny hospital of 20 to 30 beds—and too many did. These are not only uneconomic but bad for medicine, says New Orleans Surgeon Alton Ochsner: no hospital with fewer than 100 beds is medically viable, and he suggests that none should have more than 600.

A basic trouble with today's hospitals



INTENSIVE CARE UNIT AT MIAMI HEART INSTITUTE
Now to put some art in the science.

is that, like today's doctors, they have been geared to crisis care. In fact, says Palo Alto's grand old man, Dr. Russel V. Lee (father of Philip and other M.D. Lees), 30% of the patients in a hospital at any one time should not be there. Either they have been admitted for what are really diagnostic procedures, to gain insurance coverage, or they are past the acute stage of their illness and should be in some sort of convalescent or other extended-care facility, in which the costs would be 40% or 50% less.

Singing the Blues

When the idea of voluntary health insurance for the U.S. germinated in the 1930s, the actuaries insisted that whatever was covered must be quantifiable, so that it could be priced. They hit upon hospitalization as a tangible item, and Blue Cross was born. But definitions of hospital costs are so complex that ever since, while it has expanded into 45 states, Blue Cross has been involved in haggles with state insurance departments' over rates.

What Blue Cross will reimburse varies from state to state, and within states, according to what plan the subscribing group has chosen. Some Blue Cross plans in the West cover in-hospital doctors' bills, a function generally reserved in the East for Blue Shield. Whatever its limitations, Blue Cross was such a success that commercial insurance companies soon tried to emulate it.

The trouble with all the early coverage, by both "the Blues" and the commercials, was that it was not health insurance, although it was widely misrepresented as such. It was, and to a great extent remains, sickness insurance. Far from putting a premium on preventive medicine and the maintenance of good health, it puts a premium on sickness. Until recently, most Blue Cross plans covered no care outside a hospital, and specifically excluded diagnostic procedures. The result has been complicity to defraud the insurers. Often if a woman needs a diagnostic pelvic examination that might better—but need not necessarily—be done in a hospital, her doctor enters some meaningless diagnosis such as leucorrhea or dysmenorrhea (which practically every woman has now and then) and plunks her in the hospital for two days. The insur-

ance pays virtually all the hospital bill and, if the family has coverage of the Blue Shield type, the doctor's bill as well. To Mark Berke, director of San Francisco's Mount Zion Hospital, the system "puts a premium on being a horizontal rather than a vertical patient." Says Surgeon General Stewart: "For episodic care of the middle-income class, the Blues do a reasonably good job. But there simply aren't enough benefits—for office visits, for drugs outside the hospital, for a lot of things. Overall, the Blues still pay only about 35% of an insured's medical expenses. And for chronic illnesses, even the fully insured subscriber is in trouble."

However broad the Blues and commercial health-insurance companies may become, they are still likely to suffer by comparison with prepaid group-practice plans on two key issues: hospitalization and surgery. In 1966, the Blues tallied 876 patient-days in the hospital per 1,000 subscribers (excluding maternity cases), while the group-practice plans had only 408. Blue Shield subscribers had 73 surgical procedures per 1,000, while the groups' subscribers had 31. For tonsils and adenoids the disparity was still greater: 8.4 v. 1.9.

Now both the Blues and the commercials are being crowded by Medicare. Despite the long years of angry controversy that preceded its enactment, Medicare has caused no upheavals in medicine generally. Hospital admissions of oldsters have increased, in most areas, by no more than 5%. True, hospitals that used to do much charity work—and treated their patients as charity cases—are losing these patients to voluntary hospitals. For the first time, they have a choice.

Physician's Assistants

Less than two years ago, the A.M.A.'s then president, Dr. Milford O. Rouse of Dallas, sputtered against what he considered the heresy of regarding medical care as a right rather than a privilege. "Today," says Walter McNeerney, president of the national Blue Cross Association, "it is firmly accepted that no one is going to be without care who needs it. That battle is over." The questions then are: How shall it be delivered? How will it be paid for? And how good will it be?

There is a growing consensus that

the best method for delivery is "the satellite system." At the center of each system would be a university medical school with its affiliated hospitals, or some medical center like the Mayo Clinic, which may not be part of a medical school but has equal standing. The first ring of satellites would be community hospitals. The second ring would be community health centers, some along the lines of the Office of Economic Opportunity centers now operating in such disparate places as Boston, Mass., and Mound Bayou, Miss. (TIME, Nov. 29). These centers could have their own satellites; in areas where distances are great and people are few, they might be manned by a "physician's assistant," a new breed of paramedical personnel with

them, and the "physician's assistants" are probably the best solution. These men and women can replace doctors in some areas, and everywhere they can relieve doctors of time-consuming detail work. Much of this work, from filling out case histories to drawing blood specimens, they can actually do better than many a doctor. Duke University is the pioneer in training physician's assistants. It has 31 in its current two-year class, and will soon enroll 50. Three other schools have followed suit, and 50 are getting ready to do so. The numbers are still small, but if the experiment works, they can be rapidly expanded.

With added personnel, the U.S. annual bill for medical care will continue to go up, but more care will be delivered in return. How to pay for it will remain a problem at all levels. "All or virtually all Americans are now medically indigent," says Economist Pollack. "Health insurance for all has become a necessity." Dr. Philip Lee says: "The Federal Government will have to fill in the chinks of the private system. Private insurance does fine during the years when people are employed, but it doesn't do well for the aged or the unemployed. The Government must fill those needs." Before last November's election, Lee's former boss, ex-HFW Secretary Wilbur Cohen, had on his desk a plan to extend Medicare to provide "crisis care" for all Americans. Some suggest extending it to children, to the handicapped, and perhaps to all the indigent (Medicaid having proved to be no more effective than a bread poultice in most states). McNeerney is pressing all Blue Cross plans to broaden their coverage. A practical man, he notes that merely shortening the average patient's hospital stay by one day would save well over \$1 billion.

From Passive to Active

U.A.W.'s Reuther, once reviled but now widely lauded for boosting health insurance by building it into union contracts, keeps saying that he will soon announce plans for nationwide health insurance, but has offered no details. Senator Edward Kennedy is on record as favoring, in principle, some such proposal. No serious student of the U.S. medical scene believes that the nation is ready for—or would accept in the foreseeable future—a system like the British National Health Service. All current proposals envision the perpetuation of free enterprise in medical care—but a more responsible free enterprise system, with which the Federal Government and the states could enter into mutually profitable partnerships.

The voluntary programs are expected to predominate. There is increasing clamor from consumers for release from their passive, captive role and for an active voice. One who will support them is San Francisco's Berke, president-elect of the A.H.A. The association, he says, will soon set up a national consumer forum, and Berke would like to have it include not only representatives of con-

sumer groups like labor unions, but housewives and other individuals who have been through the medical mill as both patient and parent.

One of the most hopeful signs of change on the medical-care horizon comes from the young men and women who, three or four years from now, will be supplying much of that care as interns and residents. Across the continent, New York's Cherkasky declares, there is now "a substantial number of medical students who don't put economics above everything else. These young people want to find in their profession a social commitment as well as a decent living. These kids are marvelous. They're even beginning to force changes in the curriculum. They don't think that molecular biology is more important than people."

Family Medicine Men

Another promising development was announced last week in Chicago. For years the American Academy of General Practice has been campaigning to have its branch of the profession recognized as a specialty—despite the contradiction in terms. Now, after many commissions and conferences, the A.M.A.'s Council on Medical Education and the Advisory Board for Medical Specialties have granted the G.P.'s plea and agreed to let the generalist become a specialist in "family medicine." The A.A.G.P.'s president, Chicagoan Dr. Maynard Shapiro, made it clear that no G.P. will get the exalted rank without earning it. There will be no grandfather clause for automatic certification of present members. Each G.P. will have to put in at least 300 hours of accredited postgraduate study to earn it.

Said Shapiro: "The new family physician will be a family counselor in sickness and in health. He'll be trained in both the art and science of medicine. He'll have training in psychiatry, psychology, sociology, cultural anthropology and economics in order to deal with all aspects of the patient's problems." Added Shapiro: the family medicine man will bring back "the compassion of the oldtime family doctor."

Doctors are given to claiming that medicine is both an art and a science. The fact is that until a half-century ago it was virtually all art with scarcely a modicum of science. Recently it has become virtually all science, and whatever art remains has often been obscured by materialism and poor organization. Today not only disgruntled patients but also a growing body of opinion makers and activists in public life and in medicine itself recognize its shortcomings—and know that they can be remedied. It will take time for the emergence of a better-organized system for the delivery of medical care. It will take even more time for the new types of family physicians and medical graduates to make their mark on the nationwide practice of medicine. When they do, U.S. medicine may yet, in fact as well as in cliché, become the world's best.



FAMILY DOCTOR OF YESTERYEAR (1908)
Few guides through today's maze.

skills and training equivalent to those of medical corpsmen in the Armed Forces.

To get satellite systems into their proper orbits, regional planning is a necessity. A few areas have voluntarily begun such planning. For the rest, says Houston Surgeon Michael E. DeBakey, it may be necessary for the Federal Government to set rules and enforce them. One area plan has been started by the University of Oklahoma without such prodding and will cover the state. Its clinics, like one now operating in Wakita, will have three doctors: a general physician, a pediatrician, and one for obstetrics and gynecology. With three men on duty, one of them can always get away for vacation or refresher courses. They will have ready access to the medical center's battery of specialists. The three doctors agree to stay for a specified number of years. The citizens of Wakita and surrounding Grant County put up \$500,000 for a 27-bed clinic and a 24-bed nursing home.

Staffing the satellites remains a prob-



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COME VISTI PAUL MASSON: VENEZIA, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, JUNE



BOSTON CITY HALL'S SOUTH LOBBY

ARCHITECTURE

An Airy Fortress

Ever since Boston's new \$21.6 million City Hall was designed in 1962, it has been the focus of controversy. Most architecture critics consider it one of the great buildings of the 1960s, a richly textured, concrete-and-brick structure that reflects the influence of the late architect Le Corbusier and, in its emphatic use of raw concrete, of the contemporary English "Brutalists" as well. But to most citizens, it looked too tortresslike for comfort.

Dedicated last week, the new City Hall draws 5,000 Bostonians every day to register to vote, pay taxes, buy licenses and be assigned to jury duty. Those who expected to find the building's interior gloomy and intimidating have been surprised by its airy openness. It is bathed in natural light, which pours down a central courtyard and through wide light shafts rising the full height of the nine-story building. It is extraordinarily accessible, with a subway station nearby and even has a concourse running through its ground floor. "It is the nexus of a lot of pedestrian routes in the city," says Architect Noel McKinnell, whose firm, Kallmann, McKinnell & Knowles, won the competition to design the building as the centerpiece of Boston's 60-acre Government Center.

Once inside, the visitors see soaring public spaces as stunning and vast as any Piranesi conceived in his 18th cen-

tury etchings. Two tremendous lobbies serve as civic areas capable of holding crowds of sit-ins or celebrators. A magnificent ceremonial flight of stairs leads, like a cascade of red Boston brick, from one lobby up to a huge city council chamber and the mayor's offices.

"The major areas of City Hall's interior were designed to lend dignity to the interaction between people and government," says McKinnell. "We felt that we had a bigger client to satisfy than just municipal department heads—the citizenry. Otherwise you have 1984, with a faceless bureaucracy running your affairs for you." Whether the citizenry has come to appreciate it or not, Boston City Hall, inside and out, can hardly be accused of being faceless.

LITHOGRAPHY

Three Faces of Eve

"She is the woman of dreams, the woman of lust and woman the nun," Edward Munch once confided. The Norwegian *fin de siècle* painter was explaining one of his favorite compositions, which showed three women standing together—one in black, one in white, one nude. He used this trio in several different canvases, known collectively as "the Sphinx" cycle. They epitomized, as no other subject could, the shy, alcoholic bachelor's agonized obsession with that half of the human race which he never was able to understand.

Yet the Sphinx series is far from Munch's finest work. The pictures are too busy, too fussy, too blatantly overloaded with message. Possibly because they meant so much to the artist, they lured him into abandoning his cardinal principles of art. Munch developed his spare "symbolistic" style about 1892. It was based on the elimination of modeling and minor details, on emphasizing rhythmic contours and outlines. Above all, it meant subjugating technique to subject, then crystalizing subject itself into a single unforgettable image.

Humble Form. Given this predilection, it was only natural that Munch should ultimately turn to the simplest, most stylized artistic medium then in use—graphics. In the 1890s, lithographs were undergoing an artistic revival in Paris under the gifted impetus of Bonnard and Toulouse-Lautrec, while Gauguin was experimenting with the woodcut. Munch, in his turn, became almost as influential as they.

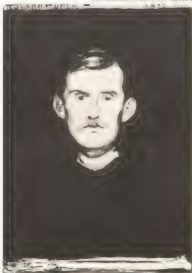
An exhibition of 74 Munch prints, currently at the Los Angeles County Museum, illustrates why Munch's finest pictures were executed in this humble medium. At the Auguste Clot print shop in Paris, where Munch perfected his technique, he had to draw on lithographic stones, which were generally smaller than the canvases he used. Moreover, the presses of the day were only equipped to reproduce three or four elementary (and usually plain garish) col-

ors. Thus Munch had to stay with simple, intimate compositions—in which his natural gifts for boldness and symbolism were dramatized.

Nowhere perhaps is this more vividly seen than in his 1896 version of *The Sick Child* (see color pages), a marvelously sensitive evocation of his elder sister Sophie, who died of tuberculosis when Munch was 14. In fact, the lithograph of *The Sick Child* is essentially a detail from a larger oil that Munch had painted some ten years before. The painting showed the child upright against a pillow, with her aunt, head bowed, next to her, but the lithograph zeroes in on "the trembling lips, the transparent skin, the tired eyes" that had inspired him in the first place.

Untouched by Guilt. In graphics, Munch was almost compelled to concentrate on one or at the most two aspects of his obsessive Eve. As a result, he often gained a depth totally lacking in larger group portraits of the three women. His sensuous 1895 *Madonna* captures a strangely melancholy haecchante, in the throes of some primeval ecstasy, clearly his "woman of lust." In *Ashes* (1889), she appears again, a wanly totally untouched by the guilt that overwhelms her partner—yet at the same time electrified by some outside, elemental force.

Munch's woodcut, *Women on the Beach*, displays one of his technical innovations: it was made by carving the picture onto one block of wood, then cutting it up into separate blocks and inking them with different colors. But the picture is memorable in another sense. In it, Munch portrayed the "woman of dreams" and "woman the nun," but omitted their lustful sister. In so doing, he discovered in them a poignant wistfulness closely akin to his own.



MUNCH SELF-PORTRAIT

A half never to be understood.

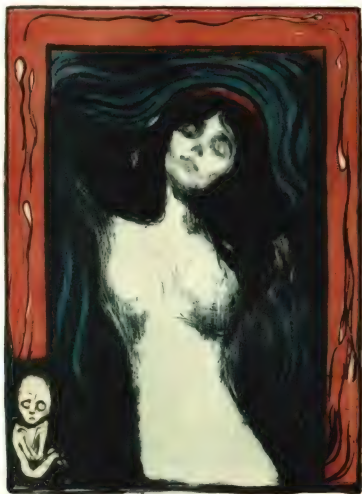


THE SICK CHILD

STERLING AND FRANKURT LANE ART INSTITUTE WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

MUNCH'S GRAPHIC ANGST

MADONNA





ASHES

WOMEN ON THE BEACH



MUSIC

SINGERS

More than an Entertainer

"When I'm on that stage," says Nina Simone, "I don't think I'm just out there to entertain." Nina is a Negro and proud of it; she is out there to share with the audience what Soul Singer Ray Charles calls her "message things." When her listeners are not with her, she can be icy: "You're not giving one thing tonight." When they are with her, which is most of the time, the ice melts. "When we connect, an audience and myself, when we hit a certain point, I just get all happy inside," she says. "Then there's absolutely a ball between them and me, and when I feel it, I want to dance."

At her most recent concerts—last week at Philadelphia's Academy of Music, the week before at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art—Nina and her audiences have connected early on, and it has been a ball all the way. She has danced around her piano once or twice to prove it. For their part, the audiences have greeted her message things with complete concurrence, as well as applause and standing ovations.

Rank at the Top. Nina's hip style is not pure jazz, pure blues or pure anything. Rather, it is a swinging, soulful, infectious blend of every conceivable style that has come out of the "music of my people." Opening the Philadelphia program with *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, she made Bob Dylan's classic folk tune sound like a revivalist hymn, yet she never lost any of its satiric bite. At the Metropolitan, Langston Hughes' *Backlash Blues* had an angular, hard-rock quality that pointed up its bitter message. "Do you think that all colored people are just second-class fools?" Mr. Backlash, I'm gonna leave you with the blues." Billy Taylor's *I Wish I Knew* was hand-clapping gospel at its best. Sample lyric:

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free.

I wish I could break all the chains holding me.

I wish I could say all the things that I should say.

Say 'em loud, say 'em clear, for the whole round world to hear.

At 34, Nina Simone is saying 'em louder and clearer than ever before. There was a time when her stance was an indifferent slump, her expression unsmiling, her attitude hostile. At best, she was called temperamental, at worst arrogant. She went through one distraught manager after another. But since her 1961 marriage to Andrew Stroud, who quit the New York City police



SIMONE AT THE METROPOLITAN
All connected.

force to become her manager, she has calmed down—and even found a measure of tranquility.

Nina's singing and piano playing rank her with Aretha Franklin at the top of the female jazz, blues and soul camp. On piano, she can tinkle along simply like Count Basie or pile chord upon chord like Rubinstein playing Tchaikovsky. At times, her voice has the reedy wobble of a Dixieland clarinet, but it can also whisper, wail, or break in above the instrumental accompaniment like an Indian *shehnai*. As Ray Charles notes, nobody ever comes close to imitating her, or even trying, "probably because everybody knows she's the only one who can do it." To Jazz Trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie, Nina is the natural successor to Billie Holiday. "She has an electricity about her way with lyrics that's out of sight," he says. "And sometimes there is a sadness about her delivery that makes you want to cry."

Nina was born Eunice Kathleen Waymon in 1935 in Tryon, N.C., the sixth of eight children. Father was a handyman. Mother a Methodist minister. Both were musical, and Nina began taking classical piano lessons at seven. Bach soon became (and remains) her favorite. "There's always a place he's going and he gets there and he comes down gently. That's perfection." In 1953, after a year of study at Manhattan's Juilliard School of Music (paid for by friends back home), she landed a \$90-a-week job playing piano at a bar in Atlantic City. To her surprise, the manager told her that she was expected to sing too. She did, and clicked immediately. It was then that she changed her name to Nina Simone because her mother disapproved of singing in public.

"The blues and jazz come from my people for one reason," she says. "We are the ones who had the misery of being slaves in this country. We're the ones who had to be invisible. We're the ones who had to devise different means of staying alive. We did it." But Nina is hardly a whiner. "It's a bore just to be talking about pain per se unless something can come out of it that's constructive. I want an easier life, and I want an easier life for my people and for all people that are oppressed. But before you can have that, the pain and the injustice have to be exposed, and that's very painful in itself, because nobody wants to look at it." Which is precisely what she is getting at when she says that she is not just out there to entertain.

COMPOSERS

Who Gets Played

Devoted concertgoers who are under the impression that the nation's orchestral programs are dominated by five great composers—Mozart, Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Brahms and Wagner—are absolutely right. A survey of programs played last season by 417 U.S. and Canadian orchestras indicates that those five, as usual, and in that order, are the most frequently performed composers, followed by Haydn, Bach, Stravinsky, Ravel and Mendelssohn.

The survey, which is compiled annually by Broadcast Music, Inc. (BMI), also indicates that about three out of every five compositions played during the 1968 season were written before 1900. But some moderns—especially Stravinsky, Ravel and Copland—are making gradual gains. For a real growth stock, there is a composer named Leonard Bernstein. Largely on the strength of his theater music, such as *West Side Story* excerpts and the *Candide Overture*, Bernstein, who was the 49th most often-performed composer five years ago, is now 24th.

* The Metropolitan event, the first jazz concert attempted by the museum, kicked off a new series that includes the Modern Jazz and Charles Lloyd quartets. Like the Met's controversial *Harlem on My Mind* exhibition (1967, Jan. 24), the series is designed to promote Negro culture and to bring blacks into the museum. Jazz museums is getting to be a vogue: The Los Angeles County Museum of Art, the City Art Museum of St. Louis, and Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art have all sponsored jazz concerts within the past year. In Manhattan, the Museum of Modern Art has held summer jazz events since 1960, and the Whitney Museum of American Art just into the swing last year.

BEHAVIOR

RESEARCH

What Do Rats Prove?

Psychologists and other social scientists study the actions and reactions of the albino rat to learn about human behavior. Now a University of Washington psychologist, Robert B. Lockard, suggests in *American Psychologist* that the laboratory lessons may be invalid, and that the rats do not prove much about people. The reason is that the al-

binos, a cornered laboratory rat will simply back away. Wild Norways ruthlessly kill intruder rats; their amiable laboratory cousins merely sniff at strangers. Wild rats survive by their wits; captive rats can and do survive as near idiots. On the other hand, it is possible that the laboratory has produced a strain efficient in disentangling its toes from 1/2-in. wire mesh—definitely a survival factor in captivity.

With unwarranted assurance, psychologists have frequently extrapolated from rat performances in mazes all manner of conclusions about man. Because rats can tolerate a good deal of alcohol, for instance—ounce for ounce, more than man—experimenters have thrown doubt on the longstanding conclusion that man and drink dangerously mix. Insights into the human capacity for stress, based on experiments with placid laboratory rats, falter before the unrehearsed wild rat's total inability to endure any man-imposed stress at all.

Dependent Animal. In its social organization, the rat makes a poor human analogue. The newborn rat, for instance, gets a minimum of parental care and is self-sufficient within just 22 days. The young human is the most cared-for of all the world's mammals. His dependency can last as long as 22 years.

Why the rat anyway, with so many better possibilities around? As one possible successor, Lockard proposes the oriental tree shrew, which is readily tamed, breeds promiscuously throughout the year and, on the evolutionary map, lies nearer to man than does the rat. To focus on the rat, when less than 1% of all species has ever been impounded in a laboratory, says Lockard, is like examining only the earth and then generalizing about the universe.

MARRIAGE

Fight Together, Stay Together

One of the myths of the American family is the Placid Marriage: nice couples don't fight. Psychologists and marriage counselors know that this stereotype is not really true, and would probably not be healthy if it were. A sprightly new book called *The Intimate Enemy* (William Morrow; \$7.50), by California Psychologist George R. Bach and Peter Wyden, a *Ladies' Home Journal* editor, strikes a blow for the positive virtues of the Pugnacious Marriage. "Couples who fight together, stay together," they insist. "A fight a day keeps the doctor away." The only catch is that couples must fight fairly.

Unfortunately, many couples bury their battles, and the ones who do not often fight dirty. Bach, who has a thriving group therapy practice in Beverly Hills, knows the games they play. Many "fight-phobic" partners live in a shell of boring, ritualized "pseudo-intimacy." The husband comes home from work

and yawns. "How was your day, dear?" Wife (pleasantly): "O.K. How was yours?" Husband: "Oh, you know, the usual." When disagreements loom, they take refuge in the newspaper, TV or "etiquette-upmanship," a self-righteous silent treatment rationalized by the thought that self-control is more virtuous than disagreement. Argue Authors Bach and Wyden: "A marriage that operates on the after-you-my-dear-Alphonse principle may last a lifetime—a lifetime of fake accommodation, monotony, self-deception and contempt."

Dirty and Clean. By his own estimate, Bach has survived a few thousand fights with his own wife of 28 years and observed at least 20,000 more between his patients. The experience has made him wary of what he calls "Virginia Woolf" fighters. At their worst, they specialize in the delights of "carom-fighting" (jabbing at a spouse by mocking his religion or his child by a former marriage), "hit and run" (saying "You made me lose my appetite" in the middle of dinner), and "psychoanalysis" ("Your childhood was more pathogenic than mine, you poor thing!"). Though less neurotic, "round-robin" fighters share a too pessimistic view that they cannot change either themselves or their relationship. Insensitive to possible compromises, they are trapped in the stalemate of "God, how many times have we been through all this before?" and the tune-out of "Here we go again."

Except when partners are "severely alienated" or "deeply convinced that the other is mentally sick," Bach is certain that such passive and active hostilities provide man's rarest opportunities for forging real intimacy. "Authentic anger brings out truth," the authors write. "The pain of conflict is the price of true and enduring love. People simply cannot release all their love feelings unless they have learned to man-

WARREN PHOTOFEST (2)



SCENE FROM "VIRGINIA WOOLF"
Don't drop the Bomb on Luxembourg.




LABORATORY RAT
Focus on a phony.

binos rat—a mutant form of the wild brown rat—is a genetic monster of dubious value to research. Caged and bred in captivity for more than a century, it is a man-made abomination—fat and degenerate, faithful neither to its wild ancestry nor to its laboratory role as a distorted mirror of man. "Theories are tested upon it," says Lockard. "Students are trained with it, and generalizations are based upon it. If *albinus* is misleading, so are many of the products of psychology."

Across the Volga. According to Lockard, several factors disqualify the rat as an experimental animal. The first is that the laboratory rat, originally *Rattus norvegicus* and an indigene of Asia, crossed the Volga River into Europe only 250 years ago. On history's ample scale, it is a newcomer; its rapid diffusion, combined with rapid breeding, makes of the Norway rat an animal that is still in violent evolutionary motion. To arrest it, as in the laboratory, says Lockard, is to claim validity for a motion-picture still.

Moreover, the laboratory animal and the wild animal now bear little resemblance to each other. They are both rodents, but that is about all. Confined in thousands of laboratories, the white rat represents hundreds of different varieties, each as different from its common ancestor as the Chihuahua is from the wolf. Some cornered Norway rats will fight to the death rather than allow themselves to be captured by a



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age their hate." In group therapy with 250 pairs of pugilists, who paid \$492.50 per couple for 13 "fight-training sessions" during the past six years, Bach has evolved a set of common-sense rules for fighting clean in marriage. By applying some or all of them, he reports, couples can channel the energies of nuptial nastiness into continuous self-renewal. Among Bach's injunctions:

- **WARM UP** The partner who feels a fight coming on should ask himself, "Am I merely annoyed or really angry? Do I have real evidence? Am I ready to follow up with a specific demand for change in the status quo? What am I willing to compromise?"

- **REQUEST A TIME AND PLACE** with a phrase such as, "Hey, I've got a bone to pick with you." This avoids "Pearl Harbor" surprise attacks and makes the fight voluntary. To enforce persistence, Bach says, boats are ideal; they make it hard for either combatant to escape.

- **FIGHT PROMPTLY** This avoids "gunny-sacking"—that is, collecting grievances that "make a dreadful mess when the sack finally bursts" into a broadside "kitchen-sink fight," where everything but the household plumbing is thrown in as a weapon.

- **SCREEN OUT DISTRACTIONS** If in bed, adjourn to the living room. Ignore "Vesuviuses," which are adult temper tantrums such as, "If that s.o.b. Jones does it just once more, I'll punch him in the nose, and that goes for your Uncle Max too!"

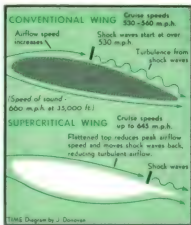
- **DON'T DROP THE BOMB ON LUXEMBOURG** Use different tactics for fights over everyday annoyances and for those involving major grievances.

- **CRY "FOUL!"** when a blow lands below the emotional "belt line," a taboo region that each partner should reflectively set for himself. Vague as this sounds, Bach says that well-motivated couples do not fake belt lines in order to duck issues; they know overuse will give them the fresh problem of a credibility gap.

- **MAKE SURE IT'S OVER** with questions like, "Have you got it all off your chest?"

The maddening self-consciousness of Bach's techniques wears away, he and Wyden say, as couples master the art of intimate battle. "Our system is not a sport like boxing," the authors write. "It is more like a cooperative skill, such as dancing." But they warn that "with acquaintances, clients or 'dates,' a bad fight can be final." And although the technique is rooted in the footnotes of wide scholarship, Bach himself admits that some responsible critics worry that the method is too superficial and only skims the surface of deeper problems.

In reply, Bach says that follow-up studies of the couples he has "fight-trained" show 85% of them "living much more satisfying (if perhaps noisier) lives than before." Some 200 other therapists have come to watch and learn what they can from the Bachian brouhaha approach to honest marriage. Eventually, Bach asks buoyantly, why not teach fight training on television?



AERONAUTICS

The Upside-Down Wing

Aeronautical Engineer Richard Whitcomb literally changed the shape of modern aviation when he designed the "Coke bottle" fuselage—a narrow-waisted plane body that helps high-speed jets to slip through the sound barrier into supersonic flight. Now, 18 years later, Whitcomb has done it again. He has developed a radically new wing that will allow subsonic jets to fly faster, more smoothly and more efficiently.

In today's jetliners, if a pilot allows his speed to reach 85% of the speed of sound, a bell rings and a light flashes to caution him to go no faster. There is good reason for the warning. Beyond that limit, the big ships generate turbulence that causes a drastic loss in efficiency and sometimes dangerous buffeting. Thus, although the sonic barrier is around 660 m.p.h. at the normal jet cruising altitude of 35,000 ft., commercial jets are held down to a speed of about 560 m.p.h.



WHITCOMB

Breaking the buffet barrier.

Ample Incentive. Both the airlines and the military have long been anxious to fly faster in their subsonic jets. So there was ample incentive four years ago for Whitcomb and a team of NASA engineers at the Langley Research Center in Virginia to turn from the investigation of supersonic wing design to the problem of subsonic turbulence.

The source of the trouble was the upper surface of the conventional wing, which has a convex curve to provide lift. When the plane reaches about 80% of the speed of sound, however, the velocity of the air flowing over the upper side of the wing reaches the sonic barrier. A shock wave forms about half way back from the wing's leading edge, disturbing the airflow and increasing drag—the resistance of air to the plane's passage.

In his efforts to reduce turbulence, Whitcomb finally hit upon the design for what NASA now calls the "supercritical wing." To reduce the peak airflow speed and move the shock wave farther back on the wing, he drastically flattened the curvature of the upper wing surface. To compensate for the loss of lift that resulted, he increased the curvature near the wing's trailing edge and put a concave contour on the underside. "Some people think that I merely turned the wing upside down," Whitcomb says.

Reduced Drag. Wind-tunnel data revealed that when the airflow reached sonic and supersonic velocities along the redesigned upper surface, only a modest shock wave was generated near the trailing edge of the wing. There was negligible turbulence. Although the changes did not affect lift, drag was reduced by as much as 20%.

Elated by the results, NASA has ordered the construction of a flight-test version of Whitcomb's wing. At Edwards Air Force Base in California, the wing will be mounted on a modified F-8 jet-fighter and will undergo test flights in the summer of 1970. If the performance measured in Langley's wind tunnel is duplicated in flight, a new generation of more efficient subsonic jets may soon be cruising major U.S. air routes at speeds as high as 645 m.p.h.

ASTROPHYSICS

Capturing a Moon

and Other Diversions

As Deputy Assistant Secretary for Scientific Programs in the U.S. Department of the Interior, S. (for Siegfried) Fred Singer has his hands full. Charged with responsibility for developing long-range policy positions, he must daily consider such weighty issues as the effects of using the oceans for dis-

* In flight, air is forced to flow more quickly over the curved top than past the flat undersurface. An pressure above the wings is thereby reduced, and the wing develops lift.

posal of wastes, the need for international agreements to halt despoiling of the environment, and the possibility of large-scale re-use of waste water. Despite such earthly responsibilities, Singer, who is a physicist by training, also finds time to promote ideas that are truly out of this world.

In articles, speeches and informal discussions with other scientists, he has advocated the early start of a program to send manned spacecraft past nearby planets. He has theorized that life may have once begun to develop on the moon and has suggested that it might be worthwhile to seize one of the moonlets of Mars and fly it back into earth orbit.

Asteroid Closeup. The Martian moon-napping mission, which is Singer's most startling concept, stems from his longtime fascination with Phobos and Deimos, the two tiny, natural satellites of Mars. If the moonlets turn out to have been passing asteroids captured by Martian gravity, Singer argues, they would present a unique opportunity for man to have a first closeup look at asteroids. Even more important, he says, they may have been created at the same time as Mars—but because of their small size they probably did not experience the violent chemical and physical changes that occur during the evolution of planets and larger moons. If so, says Singer, "we have a chance to examine the original stuff out of which terrestrial planets were made."

Singer concedes that Phobos and Deimos could be explored by visiting spacecraft. But if little Deimos, only five miles in diameter, could be brought into earth orbit, it could be investigated more thoroughly. The technology of the interplanetary move, which would be man's first rearrangement of the solar system, would be simple, Singer says. An efficient, low-thrust nuclear engine capable of firing for long periods of time could be set up on Deimos to push the moonlet out of its orbit and start it curving toward the earth. The cost would be high, says Singer, but it might well be justified by the discovery of valuable moonlet mineral deposits that could be mined and economically transported back from earth orbit.

Manned Flybys. At a time when much of the scientific community is in favor of confining manned space flight to the vicinity of the earth, Singer has grander plans. Although a manned mission past nearby planets would be physically trying, to say nothing of being more complicated and expensive than a series of unmanned probes, he feels that it could gather more scientific information. "Man can make experiments on the spot, based on what he has just observed," he says. Thus one manned flyby might well supply more information than many unmanned missions, each several years apart. Also, Singer points out, preparations for manned planetary flybys would generate major advances in technology, more fully capture the imagi-

ination and support of the public, and set the stage for eventual manned landings on Mars.

Singer's wide-ranging theories and proposals have been conceived and assembled during an unusually varied career. The 44-year-old bachelor has taught physics at Princeton, designed mines for the Navy and conducted upper-atmosphere research at Johns Hopkins. He has been a scientific liaison officer in the U.S. embassy in London, a professor of physics at the University of Maryland and a researcher in planetary atmospheres at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif. He served as director of the National Weather Satellite Center of the U.S. Weather Bureau, and before taking his present post in 1967 was dean of the



SINGER & SPACE DRAWING
"I told you so," is the name of the game.

School of Environmental and Planetary Sciences at the University of Miami.

"Each move gave me a completely new perspective," says Singer. "If I had sat still, I'd probably still be measuring cosmic rays, the subject of my thesis at Princeton. That's what happens to most scientists."

Lunar Life. Much of Singer's spare time is now taken up with work on the theory that the moon was once an independent member of the solar system; that it passed too close to the earth and was captured by terrestrial gravity (TIME, Feb. 3, 1967). After the capture, he speculates, an atmosphere and oceans may have formed on the moon and lasted long enough to support the evolution of complex molecules that were forerunners of life. Singer is attempting to complete the theory while keeping one eye on the fast-moving Apollo moon program. "The idea is to try to work all this out before the moon samples are brought back and examined for evidence of such events. That's the real fun of it all—to be able to say 'I told you so.' In science, that's the name of the game."

MILESTONES

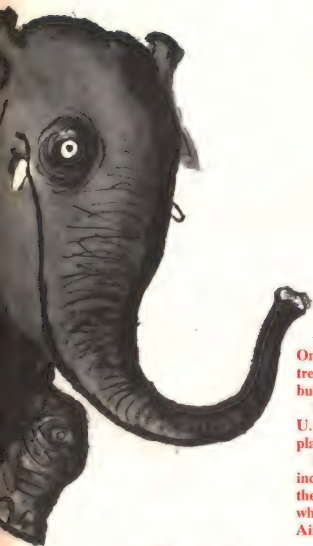
Died. Charles ("Pee Wee") Russell, 62, sad-faced but joyful jazz clarinetist, who wailed with Eddie Condon and a host of other Dixieland greats of the '30s and '40s, and in the past decade delighted audiences on four continents by blending his basic blues style with the experimental sounds of Thelonious Monk and Ornette Coleman; of pancreaticitis; in Washington, D.C.

Died. Cameron Hawley, 63, bestselling author, whose four novels were mainly reflections of his 24 years as a businessman; of a heart attack; in Marathon, Fla. Hawley retired from Armstrong Cork Co. in 1951 to write his first novel, *Executive Suite*, a simplistic look at high-level corporate intrigue, and followed that with two more variations on the same theme (*Cash McCall*, *The Lincoln Lords*), all of which made him far wealthier than most of his business colleagues. He suffered a heart attack in 1962, and his recent novel, *The Hurricane Years*, is a disquieting disquisition on the physiological stresses and strains that accompany the executive life.

Died. Vito Genovese, 71, vice lord and Mafia chieftain who reputedly directed a multibillion-dollar underworld empire from federal prisons for the past nine years; of heart disease, in Springfield, Mo., Penitentiary. Arriving in the U.S. from Italy in 1913, Genovese proved himself a tough and shifty "soldier" and then "capo" (officer) in the Mafia ranks. Over the years he was indicted 13 times, including a conspiracy-to-murder rap he beat when the state's key witness was found poisoned. In 1957, Genovese assumed the Cosa Nostra throne after the barbershop slaying of rival Albert Anastasia (no indictment returned), but two years later the Federal Government finally nailed him with a 15-year narcotics conviction. For a time in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary his cellmate was Joe Valachi, a suspected informer. Genovese planted the "kiss of death" on Valachi, who then did indeed inform on the entire Mafia operation before a Senate subcommittee.

Died. George ("Gabby") Hayes, 83, who played the whiskey, whisky-soaked sidekick to the heroes of some 200 movie operas during his 32-year movie career; in Burbank, Calif. Though a tenderfoot from the old vaudeville circuit, Gabby became a paradigm of the comical coot who sprayed Bad Guys with tobacco juice and such shattering epithets as "You god-darned son-of-a-prairie varmint!" He made 22 *Hopalong Cassidy* films with Bill Boyd, rode with Roy Rogers and Gene Autry, and nearly stole the show from John Wayne in the classic *Tall in the Saddle* (1944). Said Hayes: "Gabby is a lying, bragging old codger, but everybody loves him."





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RELIGION

CLERGY

Mail-Order Ministers

"Every man who feels a desire to preach is a preacher," says Kirby James Hensley. "And I never met anyone who wasn't a preacher." As president of the freewheeling Universal Life Church Inc., of Modesto, Calif., Hensley is a man of his word. Last week alone he appointed more than 1,000 new ministers in his church, and if a clergy head count is any index of growth, the Universal Life Church may well be the fastest-growing denomination in the U.S. There are already well over 18,000 ministers in Hensley's church. If the present growth rate continues, it could have more ministers than the Roman Catholic Church has priests in the U.S. before the year is out.

Of course, it is somewhat easier to become a minister in Hensley's church than to join the Catholic priesthood. All a candidate needs is a postage stamp. He will be ordained a minister by return mail. Any man, woman or child can become a minister in the Universal Life Church. The only thing that Hensley demands is a name and an address, so that he can fill out the certificate. After that, the new minister is on his own. In California, and according to Hensley, in many other states, he can perform marriages (if he is over 21), officiate at funerals, dedicate churches, baptize, take up collections and ordain other ministers. He can visit hospitals or jails any time—and some of Hensley's ministers don't have to go far to do that. Until officials of California's penal system warned that Universal Life ministers would get no special privileges, Hensley was doing a brisk business in the state prisons.

A Good Membr. The man who has elevated so many people to the clergy cannot read or write, although he has a mail-order Ph.D. from the Hollywood University of Los Angeles and an honorary doctorate in metallurgy from a school in Nebraska. Hensley, 57, grew up in the mountains of North Carolina and attended a one-room schoolhouse for a few years where he "done everything but learn to read and write." He hit the road at 13, first encountered religion during the Depression on his way to a youth camp. When he tried to emulate a street-corner preacher for his campmates, they roared with laughter. What he had thought was a red Bible was in fact a dictionary.

Eventually, he learned to tell the difference. With a new bride, he moved to Oklahoma, became a young people's leader for the Church of God, soon felt the call to move on to California. There he organized churches of God in Bakersfield, San Jose and Sunnyvale. He also became a relatively successful contractor, prosperous enough to hire people to read to him from the Bible. "My wife and other people would read

the verses to me, and I would memorize them," he says. "I have a good memory, and sometimes I would stay up all night long just listenin' to the Scriptures. I memorized the Bible from Genesis all the way through, and then I realized I was only helping Peter, Paul and John preach their story. I had my ideas to preach too."

In 1962 he organized the Universal Life Church in order to propagate his rather idiosyncratic faith. "I believe heaven is when you have what you want and hell is when you don't have it," he explains. "I believe in reincarnation, an eternal beam in your body that moves from one body to another."



HENSELEY IN GARAGE-OFFICE

But where do you find a congregation?

I believe that death is nothing more than a lapse of memory from one life to the next. I believe that Jesus Christ was a human being just like me and you with a little advanced knowledge. He was the Son of Man, got me?"

Hensley's clergy need not get him at all. He requires no one to subscribe to his own eclectic creed because "every man has ideals of his own. We will ordain anybody without a question to their faith, religion, race, creed or anything." He does it, moreover, for no fee at all, although he gratefully accepts any "love offerings" that come along. So far he estimates that the venture has cost him some \$10,000, but he is on his way to getting some of it back. Recently he started awarding doctor of divinity degrees for \$20, each degree accompanied by a ten-lesson crash course on how to be a preacher. Sample instruction (on outdoor baptisms): "The minister should be prepared with a large, folded handkerchief to place over the nose and mouth of the candidate as he lowers him into the water."

The Silver Chalice. Hensley grinds out his degrees from a garage in Modesto with the help of a few teen-age assistants. One of them is David Perry, 18, who got one of Hensley's instant ordinations in the hopes that it could keep him out of the Army. Several California students had the same idea, but the few who have tried for a clerical exemption have been turned down by draft boards probably on the ground that they do not have regular congregations. Some candidates, though, do have genuine plans to set up a church of their own. Among those who journeyed out to Hensley's ramshackle home last week to pick up their degrees in person were a grey-haired mother and her two long-haired teen-age sons, members of a religious-rock group called the Silver Chalice. They plan to start a church in the California hamlet of Ben Lomond to preach the Second Coming of Jesus and the need to stay off drugs.

Like any other ministers, Hensley's ordinees can get nonprofit and tax-exempt status if they go through the local procedures required: incorporation, a charter, an appearance before a local tax board. So far, California state officials have not challenged the validity of Hensley's ordinations, but late last week they filed misdemeanor charges against him for illegally dispensing his doctorates. Apart from that, the major problem seems to be one that few churches in history have ever had to face. When every man is a preacher, where does he find a congregation?

THE VATICAN

Revising the Concordat

February 11 is a national holiday in Italy. The date marks the anniversary of three historic pacts: the Lateran Treaty, which formally constituted Vatican City as an independent territorial state; a financial accord, which indemnified the Pope for the 19th century confiscation of the Papal States; and a concordat* to settle religious matters between the Roman Catholic Church and the government of Italy. Signed by Fascist Dictator Benito Mussolini and a representative of Pope Pius XI, the pacts successfully survived World War II. Mussolini's fall and even a new post-war constitution. But as Italy marked the 40th anniversary of the signing last week, there were audible signs of discontent. Students in Milan tried to attend classes—closed for the day—to dramatize the need for revising the concordat. Other university militants scattered pamphlets in St. Peter's Square. In Parliament, a slow-moving commission appointed last year to recommend changes was assailed by Liberal and So-

* A concordat is a formal agreement between the Vatican and a government detailing the church's rights and duties in relation to the state. There are 16 such pacts now in existence; most of them agreements with predominantly Catholic nations, although there are also five dead-letter concordats with Communist countries in Eastern Europe.



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cialist Deputies for lack of progress.

What disturbs the critics is a growing conviction that too many provisions in the agreement between Italy and the Vatican are no longer relevant to the nation's needs. As Salvatore Valitutti, a Liberal Party official, put it: "The concordat of 1929 was established between a state that was not free and a church not yet reconciled to the values of freedom." Many of the concordat's provisions run counter to the intent of Italy's postwar constitution, which states that "all religious confessions are equally free before the law." But the constitution also clearly ratifies the three Lateran pacts, which provide that "the Catholic, apostolic Roman religion is the sole religion of the state."

The concordat has thus created a number of practical difficulties. Only ecclesiastical courts have any authority to annul a marriage; religious education is mandatory in public schools, even for non-Catholic children; defrocked priests may be kept from holding positions in which they meet the public; and despite free-speech guarantees, an iconoclastic play like Rolf Hochhuth's *The Deputy* may be barred from performance in Rome because it allegedly defames Pope Pius XII.

Angry Editorials. Even some members of Italy's dominant Christian Democratic Party, despite its close ties to the Vatican, have long conceded the need for changes in the concordat. Unquestionably the most troublesome issue to be faced will be divorce, which is now impossible in Italy because the concordat's marriage clauses leave the state only with the power of granting civil separations. Angry editorials in the Vatican daily *L'Osservatore Romano* have already objected to recently introduced divorce legislation, and Vatican officials have privately made it clear that the papacy is not likely to move an inch on this issue. The only concession might be to permit civil divorce for purely civil marriages. Rome may also continue to insist on mandatory religious instruction in public schools despite the objections of Italian Protestants and Jews.

Nonetheless, the Vatican has appointed its own commission to study revision, and is clearly open to a few lesser concessions. It is no longer concerned about barring apostate priests from public jobs, nor does it necessarily want to keep all ten mandatory religious holidays on the national calendar. For its own part, the Vatican wants to drop the concordat provision permitting government objections to episcopal appointees and another requiring loyalty oaths from new bishops. But one important voice last week seemed quite satisfied with things as they are. Speaking to a Sunday crowd at St. Peter's, Pope Paul VI suggested that the concordat had measured up to its aim "of instituting in this blessed Italian nation religious peace and spiritual and moral concord of all its citizens."

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BUSINESS

NIXON'S FIGHT AGAINST ECONOMIC PROBLEM NO. 1

AS a prelude to President Nixon's forthcoming trip, a team of top U.S. money men traveled to Europe last week for the new Administration's first formal contacts with European economic officials. At the week-long meetings in Paris of the 22-nation Organization for European Cooperation and Development, the delegation earned high marks and persuaded even the skeptics that the U.S. economy is in good hands. The Europeans wanted some indication of U.S. determination to handle its No. 1 economic problem: inflation. The Americans did not disappoint them. "If we have one objective, it is to try to cool the overheated economic situation," said Paul McCracken, chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The main priority, observed Paul A. Volcker, the Treasury's new Under Secretary for Monetary Affairs, "is to regain control over inflation." Under Secretary of State Elliot Richardson added that "we intend to intensify our efforts to restore price stability and go about it promptly."

Fresh Pinch. As much as they pleased the Europeans, such reassurances were even more welcome to Americans, who have seen inflation ravenously and relentlessly eat into their real income. Inflation is reflected in price rises that reached an annual rate of 4.7% in December. It is particularly burdensome for the poor, who are least able to adjust to the ever higher cost of goods and services. By making U.S. products costlier and less competitive on world markets, it has also hurt the nation's bal-

ance of payments. Inflation's grip is so tenacious that it will undoubtedly take all of the Government's weapons and will to curtail it for any sustained period.

Washington is certainly, if belatedly, making the effort—and that effort is beginning to pinch the public. The 10% tax surcharge shows signs of reducing some consumer demands; retail sales have rolled along on a plateau since last fall. The federal budget is expected to shift from last year's deficit of \$25 billion to a small surplus in fiscal 1969, resulting in far less Government-generated economic demand. Meanwhile, the Federal Reserve Board has moved to tighten the money supply. After growing at an annual rate of more than 7% in late 1968, the supply rose at a 3.7% rate in January, and is expected to show even slower growth in February.

With money harder to get, interest rates have rocketed. The prime rate for the banks' major corporate customers has climbed to a historic high of 7%, and could go higher. Federal Housing Administration mortgage rates have risen from 6½% to about 7½% over the past year. A man who got a 25-year, \$20,000 FHA mortgage a year ago would have to make monthly payments of \$135; if he signed a similar mortgage now, he would commonly have to pay \$144. Last week a subsidiary of American Telephone & Telegraph issued a Triple-A bond with a 7% interest rate, but found few takers even at that rich yield. New York City has chosen to postpone some bond offerings altogether

rather than pay so much for money. The nation's banks are expected to increase their loans by only \$25 billion this year (to \$418 billion), compared with last year's record expansion of \$39 billion.

All of this is much in line with what the Nixon Administration and the preceding Johnson Administration have intended. As McCracken said in Paris last week: "In general, we are now on the right course in economic policy. The budget is back under control. Money and credit policy is tracking about right. But we have had three years of excessive demand, and it naturally takes time to regain your balance."

Breaking the Psychology. In trying to curtail inflation, the Nixon Administration hopes to decelerate the economy gradually, avoiding the kind of overzealous monetary restraint that helped bring on the last real recession in 1959-60 and contributed to Nixon's defeat by John F. Kennedy. The more immediate danger, however, is that any sign of an economic downturn may tempt the Government to let up too soon on the anti-inflation campaign.

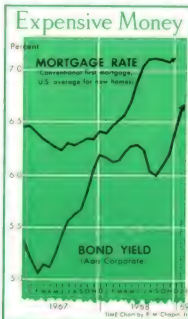
In view of the continued buoyancy of the economy, Nixon will have to extend the 10% surcharge well beyond its scheduled June 30 expiration date and resist various pressures for costly new Government spending programs, even when the Viet Nam war finally ends. For its part, the Federal Reserve will have to avoid the stop-and-go policies that in the past have produced sharp, erratic swings in the money supply and have brought criticism from some economists. The need is to show, as George W. Mitchell, one of the Federal Reserve's seven governors, puts it, that "we mean business in breaking the inflationary psychology."

Changing that psychology is Washington's most difficult economic task ahead. Some consumers and businessmen continue to pay sky-high prices for goods in the self-fulfilling expectation that prices are destined to rise higher still. Investors switch their money out of fixed-yield bonds and into stocks, which are a better hedge against inflation partly because buyers think that they are. Inflation has contributed to both the stock market over speculation and Wall Street's glut of back-office paperwork.² Because of rampant inflation, unions increasingly demand unlimited cost-of-living wage increases instead of limited boosts. Complains Paul Carmichael, a Pittsburgh electrical workers' official: "The ink is hardly dry on labor

* In their efforts to dig out from under the paper blizzard, the New York and American Stock Exchanges last week contracted with California's Rand Corp. to study ways of making securities transactions more efficient.



MCCRACKEN IN WASHINGTON OFFICE
The pain may be shared by every American.



contracts these days before price increases make them obsolete."

The feeling that inflation is inevitable may finally be giving way to a touch of welcome uncertainty. In Paris last week, Federal Reserve Board Governor Andrew F. Brimmer predicted that the economy's real growth, which reached 5% last year, would slow to a rate of 3% or less by the end of this year. But many other economists and corporate policymakers predict an appreciably higher—or lower—rate of growth. When opinions divide and uncertainty becomes widespread, decision makers begin to act with caution, holding back buying plans. That tends to retard economic growth and inflation.

Other Policies. The price of any slowdown, if it comes, would be some job layoffs, with ghetto dwellers among the first to suffer. Though that prospect is filled with obvious political and social perils, the current jobless rate—a 15-year low of 3.3% in December and January—gives the Nixon Administration some room for maneuver. So does the fact that a number of companies are "stockpiling" workers because of the shortage of skills, and may be inclined to hang onto them as long as possible, even if that means some short-term loss of profits. The White House nonetheless hopes to devise what Paul McCracken calls "other kinds of public policies" to keep unemployment from rising too rapidly under the influence of anti-inflationary restraints.

What other policies? Beyond the classic tools of high taxes, tight money, steep interest rates and restraint on Government spending, the most direct way to fight inflation without increasing unemployment would be outright federal controls on wages and prices. Paul A. Samuelson of M.I.T., a liberal economist, says that controls should be "saved for emergencies"; most officials shudder at their use under any circumstances. In a letter to the Washington *Post* last week, Harvard's John Kenneth Galbraith argued for revival of the Johnson Administration's voluntary wage-price guideposts, "or something similar." Yet, as Johnson learned, such guideposts can be flouted so often that they become meaningless.

On the theory that low-wage jobs are better than none at all, Neil Jacoby, a U.C.L.A. economist and former Eisenhower adviser, urges an easing of minimum wage laws to encourage employment of marginal workers. Ultimately, the best way of reconciling price stability with high employment is to increase labor productivity by means of expanded job training among the semi-skilled and the unskilled. Thus Nixon's proposal for giving private enterprise tax incentives for ghetto job training could combat inflation at the same time that it helps other social needs.

Any successful drive against inflation would cause some dislocations in the job market. It would also temporarily result in generally lower increases in corporate profits, returns on investment and

SHIRL HENNING—BLACK STAR



RINGLING BROS. CHAIRMAN HOFHEINZ IN HOUSTON OFFICE
Happiest fellow under the Big Top.

wages. "If we do manage to restore relative price stability, it won't be painless," says Norman Robertson, economist for Pittsburgh's Mellon National Bank. Inflation is so pervasive—and the task of stopping it so wrenching—that the pain is likely to be shared in some degree by almost every American.

INVESTMENT

Bread from Circuses

Who does not feel nostalgic about the Big Top? Ernest Hemingway once wrote that the circus "is the only spectacle I know that gives the quality of a truly happy dream." Now, for \$16.50, anybody can own a piece of that dream. The Ringling Bros.—Barnum & Bailey Circus is going public. An offering of 346,000 shares in "The Greatest Show on Earth" allows a circus lover or an investor to become part owner of such properties as a ten-year-old gorilla and a herd of elephants.

The ringmaster in this deal is Houston's ex-mayor, flamboyant Roy Hofheinz. He and a pair of friends founded a holding company that bought the circus from John Ringling North in 1967—clenching the deal with a flourish of flackery on the floor of Rome's Colosseum. The price was \$8,000,000, consisting of a \$4,000,000 bank loan, another loan of \$3,500,000 from Hofheinz to the holding company, and the sale of 720,000 shares at just over \$1 each. Hofheinz picked up 324,000 shares (or \$338,000); the two friends, Irvin and Israel Feld, impresarios who for years have handled some of the Ringling Bros. bookings, put up \$125,000 each for stock. As part of the deal, Hofheinz also holds warrants to buy 1,554,000 additional shares at \$1.42 per share.

What all this amounts to, if the public buys Ringling Bros. stock at the

\$16.50 offered price, is a potential 1,500% profit on Hofheinz's cash outlay of \$338,000, and a similarly impressive gain for the Feld brothers. Hofheinz's original shares would have a value in the over-the-counter market of nearly \$5,400,000, and he could make another \$23,400,000 on his warrants.

The circus lists assets of \$9,300,000, and last year it earned \$639,000, or 21¢ a share. The suggested market price of the new stock would thus place the issue at about 80-times earnings. The proceeds of the public offering will be used to pay off the bank loan and part of the original Hofheinz loan, which has an annual interest rate of 7%.

This year, the Ringling Bros. Circus is split into a "red" unit and a "blue" unit so that the two can visit more cities than ever before. Chances are that the happiest fellow under the big top will be Roy Hofheinz, who is Ringling Bros.' board chairman.

HOUSING

Manhattan Madness

In the nation's biggest city, the only thing higher than the buildings is the cost of renting a few square feet of space in them. When leases expire these days on apartments not subject to rent controls, landlords throughout New York City are demanding rent increases averaging 26.5%. In Manhattan, rents have been rising an average of 31%, and "horror cases" increases of 60% are not unheard of. On top of the boosts, many leases now provide for "automatic" raises of 5% or more a year and further hikes whenever real estate taxes rise. Some landlords offer only two-year leases instead of the standard three-year contracts.

Landlords often announce a raise just before the lease expires—and the ten-

ant can take it or leave it. Many middle-income people are forced out just as surely as if they had been evicted, and it does not take long to find a new tenant in what is very much a landlords' market. Desperately seeking living space, Manhattanites generally settle for less space than they need at more rent than they can comfortably pay. Quite a few have fled to the suburbs.

Raising the Roof. Darning the situation as "unfair and in many cases outrageous," Mayor John Lindsay has demanded a rollback of the "exorbitant" rent increases and a freeze on further boosts until March 1. By then, he warns, the city's landlords had better produce a formula for self-regulation against gouging or they will face legislated controls. The owners are expected to come through with some sort of plan—and for good reason. With an election due in the autumn, Democrats on the city council are threatening the landlords with a number of politically popular bills, including one that would impose rent controls on all buildings, and another that would force rents back to the 1967 level.

The landlords have lately raised the roof on rents in part to make up for lost time and money. Six years ago, in a scramble to beat a zoning-law deadline, they built an excess of apartments and filled them by offering rents that were fairly reasonable by Manhattan standards, as well as three- or four-month rental "concessions." Now there is a desperate housing shortage. While the rental vacancy rate for the nation is 5.4%, it is 1.2% for New York City. The landlords, hardly a charitable lot, can get together fairly easily and exploit the shortage because 250 real estate firms own 80% of the city's 600,000 noncontrolled apartments.

Low Ceiling. The problem is aggravated by rent control. Alone among U.S. cities, New York has clung to wartime controls, which even today set artificially low ceilings, averaging \$22.50 a room, on two-thirds of the city's 2,100,000 rental apartments. Like all price controls, rent ceilings have inflated demands and shriveled supply. Older couples hang on to bargain-rent apartments, which are often larger than they need, after their children have grown up and left home. Private builders, contending that they cannot build cheaply enough to compete with the controlled apartments, have practically stopped putting up middle-income housing.

What is the solution? Experts agree that it would probably be a mistake to extend rent control. That would damage any prospect of more construction, which is the only long-term solution. The Lindsay administration has promised to restudy zoning laws in order to help prod new building. For now, the greedier landlords would do well to heed pleas by some reasonable real estate men for voluntary limits on rent increases—perhaps 15% on a two-year lease.

ASSAULT ON THE CONGLOMERATES

IN half-serious flights of fancy, futurists have lately envisioned an economic future in which International Everything, Inc. and about a dozen similar finance-manufacturing-retailing combines take over half of the nation's business. Corporate consolidation has a long way to go to reach such extremes, but it is certainly moving in that direction at an accelerating speed. Never before have U.S. companies been caught in such a powerful and persistent tide of mergers, raids and takeover attempts. The volume of mergers doubled last year, when firms paid a record \$43 billion—mostly in securities—to acquire 4,462 other concerns. The average price

The Federal Trade Commission is delving into the various economic implications of the conglomerate trend. Antitrust subcommittees in both the Senate and House plan probing inquiries of their own. The Justice Department is studying whether to recommend broader antitrust legislation to cope with conglomerates. Paradoxically, the trend has been fostered by Government antitrust barriers against mergers within the same field. More and more firms with little in common are getting together because it is the only legally safe way to merge.

Hoping to give investors a clearer view of conglomerates, the Securities and Exchange Commission is about to issue a tough new regulation requiring all multi-industry companies to disclose how each segment of their business is faring. Last week, calling merger fights "a form of mid-20th century corporate warfare," SEC Chairman Manuel Cohen said: "The stakes are very high. Giant companies are threatened by small companies that issue paper—sometimes cynically referred to as 'funny paper'—as the incentive for the takeover."

Go Slow. The most immediate challenge to the new super corporations came from Arkansas Democrat Wilbur Mills, chairman of the tax-writing House Ways and Means Committee. Severely criticizing the economic soundness of mergers among wholly unrelated businesses, he suggested that Congress repeal tax laws that nourish such deals. "Companies should go slow in conglomerate mergers if



GENERAL HOST'S PISTELL
How to beat the packers.

for a company jumped 40%, to almost 25 times its annual earnings. This year the volume of mergers will be larger, the prices higher and the controversy more intense.

A Matter of Taxes. About 90% of the action involves conglomerate corporations, those multi-industry companies whose desire to acquire often produces crazy-quilt mergers. Alarmed critics complain about shaky financial foundations, untended managements, dubious use of tax loopholes and overconcentration of economic power. Last week conglomerates ran into simultaneous and serious attack from both Congress and the Nixon Administration. The assault will almost certainly lead to new laws to control the conglomerate movement. "We're going after this," says a ranking White House adviser. "Otherwise, we'd have an economy like the Japanese, with certain large families owning everything."

they are depending on tax provisions for the success of their merger," he warned. In particular, Mills questioned the tax arrangements when merging corporations exchange debentures for common stock. Under present law, corporations can deduct from their income tax the interest that they pay out on the debentures—just as homeowners can deduct the cost of mortgage interest on their tax returns. In merger deals, such swaps cost the U.S. Treasury substantial revenue. Instead of paying dividends on common stock, companies pay interest on debentures. This saves them money—at the expense of every other U.S. taxpayer—because the debenture interest is tax-deductible, whereas dividends can only be paid out of a company's after-tax earnings.

Mills also attacked the financial packages offered by merger-bent companies. "Many securities offered in takeovers are highly speculative and could well re-

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You're No. 1 in our book.

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It so happens we're the only car rental system that does. Now, if that doesn't lure you (or your wife), we've got enough reasons to fill a volume: the industry's best conditioned cars, more than 1600 locations (we're now No. 2 in locations), your choice of GM or other fine cars and instant guaranteed reservations anywhere in the U.S.A. Besides we accept any recognized credit card. Next time, try National. We treat you right. You can make book on it.



The customer is always No. 1

**NATIONAL
CAR RENTAL**

We feature GM cars



sult in substantial losses whenever there is a downturn in business conditions," he said. As for surprise takeover bids, he complained that they "artificially inflate stock prices." Citing a study by the Chicago consulting firm of W. T. Grimm & Co., he maintained that, in 66 such takeover attempts since the summer of 1967, bidders kited by \$2.4 billion the stock prices of the companies that they were after.

A Question of Values. The current flurry of takeover battles indicates that there is ample cause for concern in many fields. For example, Manhattan's General Host Corp., a baking, food-freezing and tourism firm (1968 revenues: \$200 million plus), last week claimed victory in a bitter fight to acquire Chicago's Armour & Co., which is ten times as large. To the meat packer's stockholders, General Host offered a package of warrants—options to buy its stock in the future—plus \$60 in debentures for each Armour share. At 7% interest, each debenture should return \$4.20 a year; Armour earned only \$3.53 a share and paid a dividend of \$1.60 in 1968, its best year ever. Armour Chairman William Wood Prince denounced the offer as a "printing-press raid." He tried to foil it in two federal courts, and attempted to consummate a defensive merger with Greyhound Corp. Richard C. Pistell, 41, the chairman of General Host, sweetened his offer slightly and, he said, picked up more than half the shares with an assist from Gulf & Western Industries, a major conglomerate, which sold him its own large holdings of Armour stock. The takeover would make Pistell, a onetime Nevada gold mine operator, the boss of one of the nation's biggest conglomerates.

For sheer gall, few takeover artists have rivaled Saul P. Steinberg, 29, chairman of 71-year-old Leasco Data Processing. Last year his Manhattan computer-leasing firm gained control of Reliance Insurance, a large multi-line company, and squeezed a \$100 million dividend out of its coffers to finance other Leasco operations. Last week Steinberg admitted at Leasco's annual meeting that his takeover appetite has grown so big that he would like to swallow Chemical Bank New York Trust Co., the nation's sixth largest commercial bank (assets: \$9 billion). Chemical Chairman William S. Renchard has promised to fend off "aggressors" vigorously.

On Wall Street, merger battles often give a dizzy lift to stock prices long before actual mergers can create any fundamental economic values to underpin them. For example, shares of Scientific Data Systems, a Southern California maker of high-speed computers, leaped 17 points, to 120, in one day last week on news of a tentative merger agreement with Xerox. This sort of thing perturbs some economists, who fear that the speculative fever could end in scandal or stock bust. As far as Congress is concerned, that only provides another reason to clamp down on conglomerates and their fancy financing.

ADVERTISING

Not Modest, Because . . .

What is commonly called "the new permissiveness" has now moved from the worlds of film and fashion into the areas of marketing and advertising. Nudity in advertising is commonplace, along with the single *entendre*. Highly personal products, which used to be tucked away in the back pages of tacky magazines and in the back rooms of drugstores, have moved right out front. One of the trickiest marketing jobs that Madison Avenue has ever faced involves a product that is now being promoted in full-page, four-color ads in more than a dozen U.S. magazines, including *Glamour*, *Look* and *TV Guide*. The headline: "Unfortunately, the trickiest deodorant problem a girl has isn't under her pretty little arms."

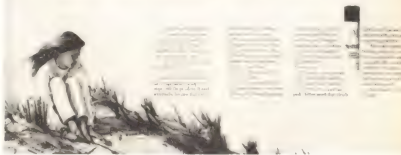
The ads trumpet Pristeen, a new prod-

six months devising the current approach. Though she found that she could "discuss the vaginal area just like automobiles or detergents" in agency conferences, her own copy clung to euphemisms, at least at first. Market research, including a nationwide survey of 1,200 women, showed that customers care little for the coy approach. As Copywriter Prag puts it: "Women interviewed said, 'Just say it.'"

So she became more direct. One part of her copy had rather shyly allowed that Pristeen is for "the most girl part of you." Later on, when the research results came in, she edited that to "the most girl part of you—the vaginal area."

Also Television. Warner-Lambert has sound reason to speak plainly. When the company first tested small-size, slyly indirect newspaper ads for Pristeen in San Diego and Pittsburgh, the results were indifferent. A later test, using

Unfortunately, the trickiest deodorant problem a girl has isn't under her pretty little arms.



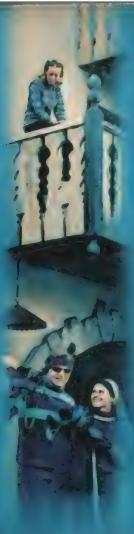
AD FOR WARNER-LAMBERT'S PRISTEEN

Don't be coy—just say it.

uct of the Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., whose sales of Listerine, Roiloids, Bromo-Seltzer and some 1,500 other items added up to more than \$700 million last year. Pristeen is, the ads say, "a vaginal spray deodorant" that ought to "be essential to your peace of mind about being a girl." Warner-Lambert executives claim that the multimillion-dollar Pristeen print media campaign is bigger than that for any other new toiletry product in 1969. Pristeen's chief competitor is FDS (for Feminine Deodorant Spray), a similar product manufactured by suburban Chicago's Alberto-Culver Co., whose advertising is slightly less explicit. Warner-Lambert executives reckon that the new deodorant market will soon be worth around \$58 million a year.

Girl-to-Girl Tone. When Papert, Koenig, Lois Inc., a Manhattan ad agency, first got the assignment to handle Pristeen, a group of male copywriters went to work, but their efforts did not quite capture the right girl-to-girl tone. The agency then turned to Peggy Prag, a late-thirtysish creative supervisor who spent

direct, full-page ads in Atlanta and upstate New York papers, as well as more colorful packaging, brought an enthusiastic response. According to Ed Vimond, president of Warner-Lambert's products division, that test showed that "80% of adult women are interested in purchasing such a deodorant." Alberto-Culver and its agency, N. W. Ayer, advertise FDS on TV as well as in print. The media have shown some queasiness over the Pristeen ads. LIFE turned them down, but later relented; by then Pristeen had gone elsewhere. The magazine's executives had been bothered by such phrases in the copy as "worry-making odors" and the assertion that Pristeen makes the user "an attractive nice-to-be-with girl." For a while, television's self-regulatory National Association of Broadcasters stoutly upheld its 15-year-old ban on commercials for "externally applied feminine-hygiene deodorant sprays and powders." Last month, after a temporary six-month suspension of the ban brought no viewer complaints about the FDS ads, the N.A.B. lifted the restriction.



The 1969 Hardtop Eldorado, Cadillac Motor Car Division

You don't have to choose between a luxury car and a personal car. For those who appreciate the ultimate in motoring pleasure there is the front-wheel-drive Eldorado, most personal of all luxury cars and most luxurious of all personal cars.

Cadillac
STANDARD OF THE WORLD





There's more than one way to get a point across.

Traditionally, insurance people believe in complete coverage.

That's why their advertising is a carefully computed blend of magazines and television.

Their philosophy: in the rush to reach all the people sitting in front of the set, don't forget all those who aren't.

One group in particular. The people

who have been to college and are now in the upper-income brackets.

These are the people with homes, cars, families and responsibilities. An important group.

Naturally they own TV sets. But only 19% are heavy viewers.

Their tastes lie more in the direction of magazines. Heavy readers instead of

heavy viewers. And the higher the income or education, the more eager readers you find.

In magazines you have time to talk to them sensibly. At length. And, remember, these are the people you might have missed.

That's a hazard you ought to insure against.

Magazine Publishers Association

AVIATION

The Giant Takes Off

U.S. airlines will soon enter a period of change that will be almost as pronounced as the arrival of the jet age. Late this year, they will begin to fly the huge Boeing 747 jets, which are faster, quieter, bigger and potentially much more profitable than the 707s and DC-8s. In the first test flight last week, a 747 cruised for more than one hour and then made a smooth landing near Boeing's Everett, Wash., plant. "This plane is ridiculously easy to fly," said Test Pilot Jack Waddell. "It's a pilot's dream."

It may be a passenger's dream as well. Gone is the claustrophobic feeling of riding in a cigar tube. The plane's fuselage is 231 feet long and as tall as a two-story building; the interior cabin is almost twice as wide as that of the Boeing 707 (see diagram). Each airline will be free to deck out the passenger cabin as it pleases. In most versions, seats will be 10% wider than those in the current jets. In economy class, there will be rows of nine seats separated by two aisles to form a two-four-three seating pattern; in first class, the pattern will be two-two.

The cabin will be divided into five compartments, two first-class and three economy. Galley-coat-lavatory complexes will separate the compartments, and these dividing blocks will also have wide screens for movies. Since the new jets will carry 15 stewardesses rather than the six on the 707s, food service may well be faster. A circular staircase will lead up to a second deck, which can be used as a cocktail lounge. Underneath the passenger cabin, baggage will be stored in some 16 removable containers for smoother handling.

Cutting Costs. Boeing has 167 orders totaling more than \$3.3 billion from 28 airlines. Pan American plans to put the first jumbo jet into service across the Atlantic in December, with TWA following about two months later. By next midyear, Pan Am plans to have 25 of the 747s, each costing more than \$20 million.

In return for the huge initial investment, airline officials anticipate

major economies. The 747s are expected to reduce seat-mile costs by about 30%, even though they will not carry the maximum load of 490 passengers. Fares may be cut eventually, but the first beneficiaries will be the pilots. The top annual salaries of captains who fly such planes will go up from \$45,000 to \$57,000 for 80 hours' work a month.

SHIPPING

Now, the Son of Spyros

In the wide-screen way that he made famous as boss of 20th Century-Fox, Spyros P. Skouras once wired a troubled friend: "NO MARINER EVER DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF ON A SMOOTH SEA." Now, at 75, the man who launched *Titanic* is in the midst of a real-life sea story. Skouras and his 45-year-old son, Spyros S., are becoming maritime moguls, and the sailing seems smooth.

The elder Spyros is chairman and his son president of a Manhattan-based family holding company called Admiralty Enterprises Inc., which owns seven ships. Two of them, tankers that the family had built in 1957, are out on charter. The other five, which serve lucrative cargo routes to the Mediterranean, belong to the Prudential Lines, which the Skourases have owned since 1960. Soon Spyros S. will move the family into the ranks of important shippers. With backing from two New York banks, Marine Midland and Chase Manhattan, he has agreed to buy the 24-ship Grace Line fleet from W.R. Grace & Co.

The \$44.5 million purchase, which awaits Maritime Administration approval, will enlarge the Skouras fleet by more than four times its present size.

Profit on the Seas. Even then, the Skouras armada will not exactly threaten that of the more golden Greeks, Aristotle Onassis (more than 100 ships) or Stavros Niarchos (65). Still, it will do what few of its American rivals have done in recent years: turn a sizable profit. Last year Skouras' Prudential Lines earned an estimated \$1.5 million on revenues of \$14 million; Grace earned a little more than \$3,000,000 on revenues of \$100 million.

The Skourases got into shipping in a major way only by accident. Back in

WILLIE DEAN

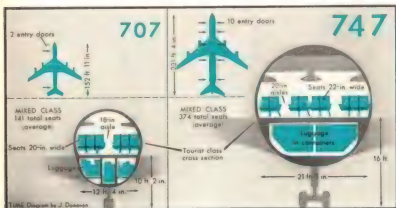


SKOURAS, SENIOR & JUNIOR
With a touch of the LASH.

the early '50s, when Prudential Lines' Founder Stephen D. Stephanidis encountered financial troubles, Spyros Senior and some others bailed out their fellow Greek immigrant by taking a financial interest in the line. By 1960, Stephanidis had died unexpectedly, the others had sold out, and Skouras wound up as Prudential's sole owner. His son, bored with running a string of 75 New York-area theaters, decided to try his hand at directing the line.

Endless Orders. An athletic Yaleman ('48) who studied both drama and finance, the younger Spyros expects to achieve even greater revenues with new vessels of a type called LASH (for lighter aboard ship). LASH ships will carry cargo prepacked in 73 barges or lighters, which can be dropped off and picked up in each port; the ships themselves need not even dock. Because LASH ships will spend much less time in port than conventional vessels, the Skourases figure that they will be perhaps three times as productive as ordinary ships.

The elder Skouras emigrated from Greece in 1910, parlayed a string of theaters into eventual control of one of the biggest film studios. It was Spyros the younger who decided that the family's business future is on the high seas rather than on the Hollywood film lots. He is a model of the well-modulated executive. His father, by contrast, still broadcasts endless orders and advice in his own peculiar Greek-American, calling businessmen and most other people "big sots"—his way of saying big shots. He remains chairman of 20th Century-Fox, but the post is largely honorific. Having sold or given away much of the \$6,000,000 interest that the Skourases had in Fox, he laments that "I'm in debt up to my neck because of this shipping business." Translation: he revels in his new role as a maritime big sot.



BOOKS

A Sex Novel of the Absurd

PORTNOY'S COMPLAINT by Philip Roth
274 pages. Random House. \$6.95

Portnoy's Complaint, a novel in the form of a psychoanalytic monologue carried on by a guilt-ridden bachelor, is too funny not to be taken seriously. It is a Jewish Psychological Sex Novel of the Absurd. It is a work of farce that exaggerates and then destroys its content, leaving a gaping emptiness.

Whether this emptiness is to be viewed with fear, hope or a confusing combination of both depends largely on the state of the reader's nerves. The explosion of puritan values—be they Christian or Jewish—has created an army of walking wounded who worry not only about whether they should be enjoying the pleasures of debt and sex, but also about whether or not they are hypocrites if they do. The result is often a pervading sense of absurdity.

In life, this sense has made its victims unwilling, if not unable, to participate in a traditional society; they are the sideshow of mass culture, offering freakish realizations of hidden fears and fantasies. In art, absurdity has changed form by radically altering the relationship among man, his pride and his gods. The dramatic structure that created the liberating pity and terror of the Oedipus plays, for example, only makes sense if one truly believes that there are gods who would destroy a man who grows too arrogant. Even the Freudian metaphors that have been used to give modern meaning to the ancient dramas are losing their force. The ultimate expression of absurdity would be to write a play or a novel about a man who kills his father, marries his mother and lives happily ever after. But that seems a long way off—two or three years at least. In the meantime we have such dazzling performances as *Portnoy's Complaint*.

Lie-Down Comic. Although sex, psychoanalysis and Jewishness form the content of the novel, they are not its subject. The book is about absurdity—the absurdity of a man who knows all about the ethnic, sociological and Freudian hang-ups, yet is still racked by guilt because his ethical impulses conflict with the surge of his animal desires. In Alexander Portnoy's own words, he is "torn by desires that are repugnant to my conscience, and a conscience repugnant to my desires."

Strung out on Dr. Spielvogel's couch, Portnoy becomes the first of the lie-down comics. Raised in Newark and now holding the post of Assistant Human Opportunities Commissioner in New York City, he renders his past absurd in an attempt to lessen its painful grip on him. He keeps the familiar tale of the strong-willed, overattentive mother and the castrated father. He tells how his mother fondled him during toilet

training, how she eroticized the insides of his ears while removing the wax, and how she forced him to eat at knife point. Portnoy is continually being floored by the fact that she could be so unconscious of the unconscious.

With love and hate, he recalls his father, a shambling insurance salesman who proselytizes for the religion of security, yet suffers from chronic constipation because his intestinal tract is in the hands of the firm of "Worry, Fear & Frustration." In a life devoted to trying to please his parents, Portnoy



PHILIP ROTH

Freakish realizations of hidden fears.

confesses that his penis was all he could call his own.

In the most explicit detail ever bound between the covers of a best-seller, Portnoy relives his adolescent masturbations. Boy Scouts, for example, will find the novel considerably more informative on the subject than their official handbook. He describes how he used his sister's unlaundered brassiere, his windbreaker on a bus, and even his baseball glove while sitting in the balcony of a burlesque house. But the more he discharged, the greater became his guilt. It was a vicious cycle that led him into his psychological ghetto of lust and shame.

As an adult, Portnoy makes his most strenuous escape attempt with the aid of the Monkey, a hypererotic fashion model from the impoverished hills of West Virginia who is the fulfillment of Portnoy's steamiest adolescent sex fantasies. The Monkey business ends in a frenzied bedroom burlesque in Rome, made the merrier by the participation of an Italian prostitute. Comments Portnoy: "I can best describe the state I sub-

sequently entered as one of unrelieved busy-ness." But instead of solving his problem, the Monkey is just another source of shame. She wants Alex's social respectability while he is interested only in satisfying his endless desires.

By using the psychoanalytic monologue as a literary device, Roth has achieved an individuality of tone and gesture and a retrieval of detail that transform his characters into super-stereotypes, well suited for this age of exaggeration. Sophie and Jack Portnoy are pop Jewish parents; the Monkey is the apotheosis of the contemporary Id Girl; and Portnoy embodies not only the ties of a man trying to disentangle himself from his background, but also the latent fear of the liberal humanist that he may find himself out. It is no small concern to the Assistant Commissioner of Human Opportunity, champion of the underprivileged, that the human opportunities he really cares about wear skirts.

Scatology as a tool. Although the literary qualities of *Portnoy's Complaint* are uniquely Roth's, the monologue technique is pure show biz. The similarities between Portnoy's delivery and that of the late Satirist Lenny Bruce are readily apparent. While Bruce used scatology in his nightclub performances as a tool, primarily to uncover social hypocrisies, his savage humor also gained its neurotic style from conflicts about appearance and reality. For example, Bruce was constantly asking why portrayals of people doing something as beautiful and useful as making love were considered obscene while portrayals of murder and violence were not.

The basic danger of doing a book as an act or a routine is that it is only as good as its last bit. Despite Roth's extravagant comic talents and ingenuity, *Portnoy's Complaint* flags in stretches. The ending is a boisterous but somewhat flatfooted way of getting Portnoy off the stage. On balance, however, *Portnoy's Complaint* is skillfully paced, eliciting more laughs per page than any novel in recent memory—*Catch-22* and *The Sorcerer of Fodor's* notwithstanding.

It is part of Roth's immense gift that he can somehow make obnoxious masturbation, paranoia and four-letter words funny and therefore ultimately inoffensive. No one has written so amusingly and yet so crassly about sex since Henry Miller. How does Roth do it? It is no secret that laughter is one of man's best defenses against those things that embarrass and terrorize him. Neither is it a secret that those who can make us laugh the loudest are often the most embarrassed and terrorized.

"Right now, *Portnoy's Complaint* is an event," says Philip Roth. "In two years it will be a book." The event was preceded by an enormous advance buildup: excerpts from the book were reprinted in various magazines, and the more outrageous passages were quoted and passed around. Now an assured hit that was sold out in bookshops weeks be-



The film, *A New Standard of Excellence*, was produced for Bendix Corporation by Mutschmann Films, Paoli, Pennsylvania.

How do you lug around a new idea that weighs over 700 pounds?

Bendix made a movie.

You've come up with a new kind of machine. It does a great job, but it's heavy and bulky. And it works on a completely new and highly technical principle. It won't fit in a salesman's car. It requires a lot of hours and manpower to set up. How do you spread the news to the trade?

Bendix faced this problem when they introduced a totally new kind of mass spectrometer. So they decided on something that's even better than a live demonstration.

They made a movie. As a direct result they sold over \$400,000 worth of mass spectrometers in just six months.

Movies belittle weight. No matter

how heavy it is, they let you bring your product into your prospect's office—even put it on his desk.

Movies compress time. Waste action can be edited out. In seconds, you can take a prospect from his office to an on-site installation—anywhere in the world. In minutes, you can show the theory behind your product, show how it works—and how effectively.

Movies are flexible. You can slow the action, or stop it, or use animation to spell out a difficult concept. You can switch sound tracks—so you're talking to your audience in the language they understand.

In short, *movies move people*.

To learn more about communicating through film, talk to a film producer. He can show you samples of problem-solving movies and tell you about per-viewer costs, which are probably far less than you think. Or write to us for *Movies Move People*, the booklet that tells how to have a teaching, training, or selling movie produced.

Motion Picture and Education
Markets Division

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N.Y. 14650

Kodak

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Indiana

fore its publication date, *Portnoy's Complaint* has already brought Roth a \$250,000 advance on royalties, \$350,000 in paperback sales and \$250,000 for the Hollywood rights.

All of Roth's books have sold well, but he has never really been controversial or had his apartment examined in gossip columns ("the smart East 80s... very solid, no patterns"). Now that Alexander Portnoy has made him a celebrity, he is dodging fame with Salingeresque determination—which, of course, only draws more attention to him. He used to answer the phone, "Benito Cereno here." Now he doesn't answer his phone at all, and he tends to check in with his publisher long after business hours.

Letting Go. In many ways, Roth's past life resembles Alex Portnoy's. He was born 35 years ago in a heavily Jewish section of Newark. His father worked for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Philip zipped through Newark public schools skipping a grade, went on to graduate from Bucknell University *magna cum laude*. In 1955 he took an M.A. and became an instructor at the University of Chicago, where Theodore Solotaroff, editor of the *New American Review*, remembers him as "a handsome young man who stood out in the lean and bedraggled midst of us veteran graduate students as though he had strayed into class from the business school."

Already Roth's miniatures of urban Jewish life were selling to magazines. The collection of short stories, *Goodbye, Columbus*, won Roth the National Book Award in 1960 at the age of 26 and two years later the prestigious job of writer-in-residence at Princeton. There he discovered to his dismay that his students could not write. In addition, his marriage to an older divorcee collapsed after four years. Philip went to New York after the publication of *Letting Go*, a troubled novel that interweaves threads from his Chicago adventure, his marriage and his grim life as a graduate student. The central question of the novel presages the issue that confronts Portnoy, only in reverse: Can one really let go of the self, renounce personal gratification for the sake of others? In Manhattan, Roth plunged into psychoanalysis, wrote a play that never got past the workshop stage, often retired to the writers' colony at Yaddo, a verdant estate in Saratoga Springs.

In 1967 he published *When She Was Good*, a bleak dissection of a small-town Midwestern termagant without a single Jewish character. It was a long way from Newark and the Jewish milieu, but Roth's ventriloquist genius enabled him to handle the unfamiliar setting with considerable success.

Catching On. Roth is an enthusiastic mimic. "He takes all the parts in every story and really makes you see the peo-

ple. He is the best storyteller I know," says Novelist Brian Moore. Lately he has become more wary. "I would call him a manic depressive," says Writer Albert Goldman, an old friend. "He knows he could be rocketed too high—the new hero who is all brains and sex. Actually, he is probably happiest working in monastic solitude." In recent years he has lived in Manhattan, a dashing, dark-featured bachelor with a beautiful blonde at his side. But now he is back in Yaddo, working on a new book.

Where he goes from here is an intriguing question, and could prove a serious dilemma for him. There is quite a difference between letting go and catching on, and with *Portnoy's Complaint*, Roth has caught on, but good. He has said that he will write about catching on.

"Instead of having a guy who is more and more pursued and trapped by his tormentors, I want to start with a guy tormented and then the opposite happens. They come to the jail and they open the door and they say to you, 'A terrible mistake has been made.' And they give you your suit back, with your glasses and your wallet. And they say, 'Look, people from big magazines are going to come and write stories on you. And here's some money. And we're very sorry about this.'"

Hanging by a Thread

BRUNO'S DREAM by Iris Murdoch 311 pages. Viking Press \$5.95.

Even the English, who send CARE packages to needy sheep dogs, have never made house pets of spiders. But Iris Murdoch often deals even-headedly with oddities. This time she has spun a touching tale of wayward love and wily threatening death, centered around a moribund octogenarian named Bruno Greenleave, whose twilight passion is for champagne and arachnids.

The metaphorical potential is splendid. Spiders are often deadly—and creative as well, spinning out of their own inwards the structures of their salvation. Their lives, which sometimes hang by a thread, are delicately crosswebbed, like our own. The author tactfully does not press such parallels to extremes. Yet she is clearly an accomplished spider herself, capable of weaving metaphysical webs in fiction and enmeshing a whole gallery of ogres, Freudian and otherwise. I like the wily trapdoor spider, which retires to digest its kill behind a neat disk-like door attached to its nest. Iris Murdoch is seldom visible, or visibly partisan, in her work. In *Bruno's Dream*, however, she seems more compassionately bemused than usual, though no less severely aware than ever that men and women are foolish creatures who neither know the world for what it is, nor themselves for what it makes of them.

Bruno dies on the last page. Much of the book is taken up with an intricately choreographed, totally absurd

* The name of the hero in a lugubrious Herman Melville story about a sea captain whose ship is taken over by mutinous slaves.

mating dance set in motion around his fusty deathbed, as various relatives pursue each other in preposterous shifting triangles like the occupants of a French bedroom farce. They even fight a mock duel. Most kinetic is a cheerful, kindly son-in-law named Danby in whose house Bruno is dying. Danby begins by sharing his bed with Adelaide the maid, then flirts with his brother-in-law's wife and finally consorts with an ex-nun named Lisa. She and a forbearing homosexual nurse called Nigel are the enigmatic characters, familiar in Murdoch fiction, who stir the emotional chemistry of the others into molecular groupings and regroupings.

These gyrations seem not so much foolish as pathetic when viewed next to Bruno's twilight world. As he declines,

DEREK RAY



IRIS MURDOCH

Memories to shred the heart.

the perception that life is a kind of dream through which most men move like drunken tram conductors struggles in his mind with his fading recollections of the flesh. Bruno recalls the anguish of his early loves, his failure with his son, and cannot keep the distant memory of these trumpy things, even now, from shredding his heart.

No bleaker, more perceptive portrait of senility can ever have been written. Bruno wakes daily into pain. The small act of putting on his bathrobe must be thought out carefully in advance, as a gymnast plans a movement in a high wire act. Bruno has become a monster and knows it. He lives for sips of champagne permitted him each evening and the exhilaration of using the telephone to call wrong numbers and know the thrill of human explanations and regrets. Murkily he perceives that death is a physical act.

Bruno and the figures grouped around

him convey a shock like that intended by medieval woodcuts depicting the Art of Dying. In them man was presented in *extremis*, tempted by worldly little demons, teased by memories of seductive folly. Iris Murdoch's tableau is subtler but more rueful. Men only half live life. They are always in *extremis* but do not care to know it.

The Cloak of Genius

PUSHKIN by David Magarshack. 320 pages. Grove. \$7.50.

Poetry is what is lost in translation.
—Robert Frost

In the case of Alexander Pushkin, not only his poetry but his whole essence seems to be lost in translation. Russians—from schoolchildren to arcane critics—still devour Pushkin's poems, plays and stories. His work is viewed at home as the headwater of the great streams in Russian literature. Tolstoy admitted that the idea for *Anna Karenina* flowed from an unfinished Pushkin story. Dostoevsky once said: "If Pushkin had not existed, there would have been no talented writers to follow." Even the modern Soviet state claims him as a comrade, maintaining that many of his best lines were premature party lines.

Yet Russia's Shakespeare does not travel well. Chekhov and Tolstoy are read and loved elsewhere. But most Western readers, confronted by examples of Pushkin's genius, can only nod politely—or, in the case of the worst translations, nod off.

Elusive Simplicity. Some of the problem is that Pushkin's reputation for greatness stems in part from his historical significance. Much Russian writing of his age cloaked itself affectedly in secondhand French elegance. In such superb tales as *The Queen of Spades* and *The Captain's Daughter*, Pushkin fashioned a new native style—sparse, exact, free of rhetorical flourish—which set the tone for the epic prose era that was to follow, from Gogol to Chekhov. In rich, full-blooded dramas like *Boris Godunov*, he helped to free the Russian stage from its prim, Racine-engendered formalities. Poems like *Ruslan and Ludmila*, *Memory* and *The Bronze Horseman* grandly exploded the prevailing notion of the day that poetry should be either didactic or sentimental. "Good lord," said Pushkin impatiently, "the aim of poetry is poetry."

Even as a poet's poet, though, Pushkin is still very special and—in translation—frustrating. His verse is elusively simple, unadorned by such easily translatable characteristics as splashy imagery or intellectual abstractions. Its strength lies rather in subtly suggestive tones and rhythms. No less a language snob and stylist than Vladimir Nabokov labored on and off for almost a decade to translate Pushkin's acknowledged masterpiece, the verse novel *Eugene Onegin*. Nabokov's rendering of this romantic (and mock romantic) panorama

of Russian society was brilliant; yet even he decided to settle for strict literalism rather than attempt to re-create in English the Russian poet's verbal music.

Spitting the Pits. Pushkin's life was no less odd and puzzling than his works, as this solid, sometimes pedestrian biography by Russian-born David Magarshack makes clear. As a founding father of Russian literature, Pushkin behaved more like a rakehell uncle. A tiny (5 ft. 3 in.), edgy man with fingernails as long as claws and half-simian features, Pushkin pursued all the known excesses with prodigious energy. Though he was ugly, he exerted a vast sexual attraction through his sheer intensity. A fellow student recalled that at the touch of a dancing partner's hand at a ball, Pushkin's "eyes blazed,

ROBERTO



ALEXANDER PUSHKIN (ca. 1827)

Founding father—or rakehell uncle?

he panted and snorted, like an ardent horse in the midst of a herd of young mares."

In literary matters, Pushkin had a touchy vanity that was often justified but was no more attractive for all that. In personal affairs, he never forgave a slight, keeping a list of people who had insulted him and carefully noting the date when he considered that he had repaid them. He duelled often, one time so disdainfully that he ate cherries out of his cap and calmly spat the pits in his opponent's direction.

Subject to Suppression. Pushkin's strange shape and nature were the products of a bizarre lineage. On his mother's side, he was great-grandson of an African slave originally presented to Czar Peter the Great. His father's family, as he put it, was "the detritus of a decrepit aristocracy" that went back 600 years into feudal times. Born in 1799 in Moscow, Pushkin was left largely on his own by indifferent parents. As a

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boy he was impressed by French literature, especially the savage wit of Voltaire, and absorbed Russian folklore from his peasant nurse—both basic strains in his later writing. He proved erratic in school, but by the age of 18, he had already published 30 poems and begun lifelong associations with Russia's progressive thinkers and writers.

Progressivism, then as now, was a relative term. But almost any degree of it was too much for Czar Alexander I. Russia consisted mainly of vast rural serfdoms and a small privileged aristocracy—both under an oppressive czarist rule. Political life seethed with intrigue and treachery, exile and execution. Then as now, poetry was a politically dangerous weapon, and Pushkin's work rang with a post-Revolutionary Gallic note of freedom and a hatred of tyranny. The Czar, complaining that the poet "flooded Russia with outrageous poems," effectively banished the 21-year-old Pushkin to a southern province by ordering him to an obscure civil service post. Even after Czar Alexander was succeeded by his son Nicholas, Pushkin's residences and movements were limited by government edict. His writings were subject to suppression at the whim of the Czar's censor—or the Czar himself.

Such restraints hurt. Pushkin depended on his writing for a living and, in fact, became Russia's first really professional writer. But restraint could not temper his flamboyant mode of life, which was Byronic—though not in the usual sense. Pushkin's affinity was for the rational, irreverent side of Byron's temperament, and he delighted in mocking the romantic conventions of his day. In an early poem, *The Caucasian Captive*, he had a maiden fall into a stream and the hero refuse to jump in and rescue her. "I've swum in Caucasian streams," Pushkin explained to a friend. "You can easily drown without finding a damn thing."

Budgeted Misfortunes. He found such a spirit harder and harder to maintain as the years went by. At 30, he was old-looking and exhausted. Thinking that marriage would settle him down, as well as pay his debts, he wed a Moscow beauty 13 years his junior. "My hundred and thirteenth love," he called her—a very modest estimate. Ironically, Pushkin's wife became a favorite at the Czar's court, and her flagrant flirtations threw him into fits of jealousy. Finally he challenged the holdest of her courtiers, the French-born Baron Georges D'Anthès, to a duel. Pushkin was shot in the stomach and died two days later. He was 37.

The mass public mourning that swept over Russia at the news of the poet's death surprised the fashionable people who had known him mainly as a strange, seedy aristocrat, a facile versifier, and a nuisance. "We were acquainted with him," one foreign diplomat wonderingly observed to a Russian friend, "but none of you ever told us that he was your national pride."

CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

The Odd Couple

If a war movie has no body, it had better have plenty of soul. *Hell in the Pacific* is as immaterial as a fog, but it offers two soulful professionals: Lee Marvin and Toshiro Mifune.

In the waning days of World War II, a Marine pilot (Marvin) bails out over a tiny island in Micronesia. Like Robinson Crusoe, he mistakenly believes that he is all alone. His Friday, however, turns out to be a Japanese officer (Mifune), also beached for the duration.

Fainting and fighting, the two engage in their own mixed-up, microcosmic version of the war. The Japanese occupies the beach, the American the jungle, in a skirmish that seems to last longer than the Battle of Guadalcanal. Bereft of conventional weapons, the pair have at each other with sticks, fire, traps and maledictions. To no avail. Predictably, the hunters learn that they cannot survive without their quarry. Without speaking a word of each other's language, the odd couple eventually construct a raft and go off in search of rescuers. Stranded again on a different island, they find no one, and wander off-screen. . . .

Henry G. Saperstein, the film's executive producer, once boasted, "We thought of several endings, decided against the *Mary Poppins* type or the heroic windup of a John Wayne melodrama." They decided, in fact, on no ending at all, as if Director John Boorman had got weary of all that footage of sea, sand and sunsets and decided arbitrarily to fade out.

With his celebrated samurai style, Mifune creates a character of such sympathy that the American comes to trust his adversary. So much so that when he comes upon him in the jungle the Marine lowers his guard and mutters, "I

thought you were a Jap." Marvin's unshaven, malarial soldier is a credible reflection of his own war experiences; he lends substance to a part with few lines and less motivation. Unfortunately, he was not content to get by with soul. Marvin likes to claim credit for the non-ending of the film. The non-meaning goes with it.

Faces of Mt. MacLaine

Orson Welles said it best. Confronted by Hollywood's movie-making paraphernalia, he chortled: "This is the biggest electric train any boy ever had to play with." Broadway Choreographer-Director Bob Fosse obviously felt the same exhilaration. But all he could do with that expensive equipment was play around. The result is a chuffing, toothing, O-gauge musical, *Sweet Charity*.

Charity began in 1957 as the title character of *Nights of Cabiria*, an Italian sleeper about a Punchinello prostitute. The director-writer was Federico Fellini; the star was his wife, Giulietta Masina. Maintaining the tradition, Fosse turned the film into a Broadway musical starring his wife, Gwen Verdon, as a heart-of-gold "hostess" named Charity Hope Valentine.

In its newest version, Verdon has been replaced by a carrot-topped Shirley MacLaine, whose wide-screen pathos and galvanic energy does not quite match her predecessors'. Most of the other essentials remain the same. Sleazy customers steal in on little cad feet; for \$6.50 an hour Charity hustles them around the dancehall floor—and sometimes into bed. A born romantic—hence the heart tattooed on her arm—Charity continually falls for Mr. Wrong. A leeching gigolo gloms her purse; a narcissistic movie star (Ricardo Montalban) invites her up to his apartment and forces her to be a voyeur while he makes love to his mistress. A neurotic actuary (John McMartin) asks her to marry him—then turns out to be a zero.

Map Making. The Broadway book had the grace to mock itself. In the end Charity was blessed by a good fairy—who turned out to be a costumed pickup woman plugging a CBS-TV show. Peter Stone's hollow adaptation takes itself seriously. Charity, maundering through Central Park, converses with a bunch of flower children who teach her the power of Love.

In the theater, Fosse's fluid scene shifting seemed cinematic. On film, the process is reversed. Dance numbers are given coy subtitles, crowd scenes seem achingly stagy. Whenever he cannot provide a valid transition, Fosse makes the frame a mammoth still picture of his star—strictly for those interested in the north, south, east and west faces of Mt. MacLaine. Regardless of how attractive the faces are, that is not film making, it is map making.

Fosse the director is sometimes re-



MacLAINE AS "SWEET CHARITY"
No more than an O-gauge track.

deemed by Fosse the choreographer. But it is the score however, that remains the show's real strength. Cy Coleman's hip-flip music flows freely from pure ballad (*Where Am I Going?*) to Bachish parody (*Rhythm of Life*). Dorothy Fields, 63, won an Oscar for the lyrics of *The Way You Look Tonight* back in 1936. She may win another for her insistence on writing wittily for the characters instead of warily for the charts.

The idea of a musical about a warbling hooker approaching 40 remains as attractive today as it was in 1966 when it opened on Broadway. They ought to make a movie of it some day.

Between the Lines

This *Mayerling* is the third film to take the tragic deaths that shook the Habsburg monarchy in 1889 and turn them into a matinee tearfest. *Mayerling III* doesn't manage to jerk many tears; in fact, it is by all odds the funniest.

Consider the lines. Things aren't so good in Old Vienna. The students are rumbling; the peasants are restless. Emperor Franz-Josef (played in a triumph of miscasting by James Mason), surveys the latest student riot from the palace balcony. Line (in a tone of melancholy): "So we've come to this."

The Emperor's son Rudolf is impersonated by Omar Sharif, an Egyptian actor who plays an Austrian prince about as successfully as he played an American hood in *Funny Girl*. Rudolf, a wastrel who sasses his old man, takes frequent injections of morphine "for my migraines" and spends an unconscionable amount of his time with showgirls and socialists. Line (father to son): "In one respect you've always been consistent. You've disappointed me."

Small wonder Rudolf is driven into the arms of a regal young noblewoman



MIFUNE & MARVIN IN "HELL IN THE PACIFIC"
No ending and no meaning.

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named Maria (Catherine Deneuve). The empassioned lovers flee to Mayerling, the royal hunting lodge deep in the Vienna Woods, where they eventually commit joint suicide. Before he leaves, Rudolf resigns his princely inheritance by throwing his ring in the Emperor's face. Line: "So much for your Holy Roman Empire!"

Director Terence Young brings a stuffy, stilted style to the proceedings that's always good for a laugh between the lines. The players miraculously managed to keep straight faces throughout, although Miss Deneuve carries this to excess by freezing into an astonishing replica of Grace Kelly at her most glacial. As Omar moans appropriately, "I have no authority. I'm just the puppet prince." It shows.



WAYNE IN "HELLFIGHTERS"

No one else would take a Chance.

Dry Well

Actors these days make reputations by playing junkies, warlocks, maniacs, hippies, fags and dictators. Somehow it is reassuring to know that there's still an actor left who will play a leathery oil-well firefighter with the unlikely name of Chance Buckman. That's John Wayne. The Duke may not be too good at rendering Brechtian anguish, but no one else can play a better John Wayne.

In *Hellfighters*, the Duke dashes around the world blasting out spectacular blazes in other people's wells. When he isn't hellfighting, he puzzles out all sorts of complicated personal relationships: Will he get back together with his wife? Will daughter find true happiness with Her Man? Will the womenfolk ever resign themselves to their menfolk's dangerous pursuits?

Director Andrew V. McLaglen seems to have made the movie while his mind was on something else—probably quitting time. Katharine Ross, Dustin Hoffman's sidekick in *The Graduate*, plays Duke's daughter with an understandable lack of enthusiasm. A few more parts like this and she'll be about as well remembered as Vera Hrubá Ralston.

one deux tres vier

Four tips on how to become an unforgettable American memory.

1. Stop, look and listen. That's the easiest way to encounter a foreign visitor. (And, if you don't encounter one, what will he, she—or perhaps they—have to remember you by?)
2. Prepare to jump a hurdle. What sort of hurdle? Well, let's say you've just stopped, looked and listened in a bustling bus terminal. Your alert eye catches the tentative movement of someone who takes a quick step forward. An even quicker step back. Then stands stock still, looking lost. You've spotted one! Your foreign visitor. And he (or perhaps she) is lost, but too shy to ask directions. And you're just about to offer help. But, suddenly, you can't? You're too shy too? Then that's your hurdle. Jump it. Or simply step across.
3. That's not your hurdle, but you've just run into another? Your English-speaking visitor doesn't understand your answer to his question, even though it was direct and exact? It's probably his ears. Perhaps they're long attuned to British English, or Australian English, or Irish English, and they find your rapid-fire American English difficult to catch. So repeat your answer, slowly.
4. You have no trouble communicating, you just don't know the place he seeks? Take a moment to glance around. And another to dig into your memory. Chances are you do know a Tourist Information Center, or Travelers Aid, or Chamber of Commerce Office and you could take him there.

One foreign visitor's most unforgettable American memory might easily be you.



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